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PEARL, ANTICIPATING TROUBLE, PRESSED TIMIDLY TO THE SIDE OF KELFORD.

## THE HEART OF FIRE; OR, MOTHER VERSUS DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Witches of New York," Etc.

### CHAPTER VIII. UNDER THE MOON.

WITH a light, graceful step the young girl—whom the two watchers on the opposite sidewalk had marked leaving the store—proceeded up Clark street to Madison, then turned into that street.

Kelford and Wirt had followed in pursuit. On turning into Madison street, however, they took the other sidewalk, instead of following directly in the footsteps of the girl. By this plan they were able to keep her in sight, without letting her discover that she was followed.

Not many people were using Madison street as a thoroughfare, for it was getting late, and the street was almost deserted. The girl pressed onward, as if in a hurry to reach her home.

"When we reach the bridge I'll get on ahead of her," Wirt said, and both he and Kelford quickened their pace.

Wirt hurried over the bridge, and soon was half a block or so in advance of the girl. Then he crossed the street, walked on until he passed Desplaine street, and then selected a dark place in the middle of the block, and waited for the girl to come.

She was coming on rapidly, and had little idea that she had been followed all the way from her place of toil. She had worked later than usual, and though she felt but little apprehension of being molested on her homeward path, yet still, as the hour was so late, she was walking as fast as possible.

Kelford was quite close behind her, ready to play his part in the coming tableau, yet he had little faith in the device of his friend. After crossing Desplaine street, Kelford perceived Wirt coming down the street in a very erratic style. He was occupying all the sidewalk, from the houses to the curbstone.

Kelford could not help smiling as he watched his ally rolling along.

The girl, too, noticed the approach of the man apparently so much under the influence of John Barleycorn's distillments. For a second she paused, and hesitated whether to go on or retreat; but as the drunken stranger was minding his own business, and was apparently too much occupied in keeping erect to notice any one, she determined to proceed.

But on approaching the reeling fellow he headed directly for her.

The girl stopped in affright. What to do she knew not.

The street was almost deserted, but she heard the footsteps of Kelford approaching behind her. Quickly she turned her head, as if to call to him for assistance.

Wirt laughed in his sleeve when he perceived this evident intention. The game was half won before a move had been made. Wirt saw plainly that all he had to do would be to speak, and the lady would gladly accept the protection of his friend.

"Why, Miss Splinter, how do you do?"

"Low me to offer my 'lection," Wirt said, in capital imitation of a drunken man, reeling up to the girl with outstretched hand.

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl, half in anger and half in fright.

"Don't pologize; I 'scuse you," said Wirt, with true drunken gravity, and making another dive toward the girl.

Kelford at this moment arrived upon the scene.

"You have made some mistake, sir," he said, hardly able to keep a sober face on as he watched the comical attitudes of Wirt.

"What you know 'bout it, eh? I'm a gentleman—a first-class gentleman, you bet! How's that for high?" and he made a lurch against Kelford as he spoke.

Pearl, anticipating trouble, pressed timidly to the side of Kelford.

"Oh, please tell him, sir, that he has made a mistake, and that I do not know him," she said to Kelford, quickly.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he replied, and then turned to the supposed drunkard. "This lady says that you have made a mistake, and that she does not know you."

"Don't know me—hic! Ain't she Miss Splinter—you know—Miss Splinter, of Milwaukee—make first-rate lager there—hic! Jus' lieve drink with you as any other man—double six!" and he reeled against Kelford again, who quietly replaced him on his legs.

"No, sir, this is not Miss Splinter."

"Taint Miss Splinter—hic! I cept your 'pology. If I've done any thin' I ought to be sorry for—hic—I'm glad of it, you bet—shoo fly!" And Wirt, with unsteady steps, departed.

"Will you let me offer you my arm as far as your home, Miss Cudlipp?" said Kelford, his tone too earnest, in spite of his efforts to render the question a commonplace one.

For a moment the girl seemed to hesitate. Kelford lost hope.

"Lemme see you home!" bawled Wirt, who had halted a little way down the street, and was watching for evidence of the success of his plan.

He noticed that the girl hesitated, and thought that perhaps the fear of his return would induce her to accept the offer of his friend.

Wirt had judged rightly, for the moment the tones of his voice fell on the ear of the girl, she started with apprehension.

"If it will not give you too much trouble," she said, quickly, and taking the proffered arm.

"None in the least," replied Kelford, happy beyond measure as he walked up the street with the girl he loved.

The light pressure of the plump little arm upon his sent a thrill of joy dancing through every vein.

"You remember me, do you not, Miss Cudlipp?" he asked, as they walked onward.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation; "but how did you know my name?"

"I heard you called by your name in the shop."

"Oh, yes; how stupid I was not to guess that!" she said, quickly.

"But let me introduce myself, now that I've had the pleasure of meeting you outside

of the shop. I hope you will not consider a formal introduction necessary?"

"No, of course not," she answered.

"My name is Edmund Kelford."

"Do you live on the west side?"

"There was a peculiar look in the girl's eyes as she asked the question.

"No," replied Kelford, after hesitating for a moment. "I came over with a friend, and I am glad that I did so, since it has procured me the pleasure of your acquaintance. You are out quite late to-night."

"Yes, I worked later than usual," she said; "but here is my street." They had just crossed Halstead. "My home is only a few steps down the street."

"Do you live with your parents?"

"No; I am an orphan."

"An orphan!" exclaimed the young man, and in his heart came the wish to be father, mother, brother, husband—all to the sweet young girl, who looked so lovely in the clear moonlight.

"Yes, I am an orphan; not only that, but I am a foundling. I never knew either my father or mother. I was deserted by my parents when I was an infant, was reared by charity, and have not a relative in the world that I know of."

"What a sad story!" exclaimed the young man, impulsively. "But who gave you your name?"

"The people who took care of me. They were English, and gave me their own name—treated me as a daughter."

"Are these the people that you live with here?"

"Yes."

"You have hardly missed your own parents, then?"

"I have not missed them at all."

"I hope, Miss Cudlipp, that you will permit our acquaintance to continue beyond this meeting to-night; that at some future time you will permit me to call upon you," he said, eagerly.

"And you are willing to call upon me now that you know that I am friendless and alone in the world?" she asked, an earnest look in the great gray eyes.

"What difference can that make to me? May I come?"

"Yes," the girl answered, slowly, and dropping her eyes from his earnest gaze.

"Good-night, then!" he said, while his eyes danced merrily in his eyes.

A single pressure of hands and he was gone.

Pearl leaned on the fence-post, and with thoughtful, wishful eyes watched him, the moonbeams glancing down upon her shapely little head.

### CHAPTER IX.

BERTRAND FASCINATES RICK.

A SMILE of pleasure came over the bronzed face of Bertrand as the boy confirmed his suspicions respecting a secret entrance to the room which had been assigned to him.

"Ah! there is a way then of getting into

this room without using the door?" he said.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"Where is it?"

"Have you hunted for it?" asked the boy, with a cunning leer.

"Yes."

"And didn't find it?"

"Your guess is right. I have not discovered it, yet I have examined the walls, the ceiling and the floor, thoroughly," replied Bertrand, who was puzzled that the secret mode of entry into his room had escaped his search.

"Look here," said the hunchback, rising from his seat; then he moved the little table away from the wall.

The walls of the room were hung with common striped paper.

The table removed, the hunchback pointed to a dark line on the wall that the table had hid from Bertrand's search. The dark line ran along the wall, about three feet from the floor.

"That's the top of the door," said the boy, pointing to the faint, dark line as he spoke.

"It is a little door, then?"

"Yes, 'bout two foot wide, and 'bout three foot high."

"Where does it lead to?"

"Into the next room; it's a bedroom just like this."

"Is the door fastened on the other side?"

"Yes, a little bolt; anybody wouldn't notice it, 'cos there's a piece of paper over it, same kind of paper that's on the wall," the boy answered.

"Then in the middle of the night any one that knew of the existence of this door, could easily get into this room without waking me?"

"Just so, mister," the hunchback replied, with a grin.

"That's pleasant," said Bertrand, thoughtfully, half to himself.

The hunchback watched him sharply, with his keen little eyes.

For a few moments Bertrand was silent. He was busy in thought, planning how to parry the blow that he felt would be dealt him in the still hours of the night that were approaching so rapidly.

"Well," he said, at length, "move the table back again, Rick, and we'll finish the ale."

The boy obeyed the command and replaced the table.

Bertrand drank a glass of the ale, then refilled the glass and passed it over to the hunchback. The face of the boy fully expressed the pleasure that he felt in being treated in this familiar way. Bertrand had fascinated the hunchback.

As Bertrand passed the glass over to the boy his eyes fell upon the lamp that, burning upon the table, lighted up the room. Only a small quantity of oil was in that lamp, hardly enough to last another hour.

"Not much oil here, Rick," he said, holding up the light; "an hour or so and I shall be in darkness."

"You can light the gas," replied the boy.

"Is there gas here?"

"Yes," and the hunchback pointed to the head of the bed; above the headboard, Bertrand saw the gas-burner. His previous scrutiny had not extended to that part of the room.

"That is excellent!" cried Bertrand, with an air of satisfaction. The location of the gas-burner suited his purpose admirably. In repose on the bed he could easily reach the gas-burner with his hand, and should any thing suspicious occur during the night, a single movement of the hand and he could illuminate the apartment with a flood of light.

"If I only had a weapon now I would defy the malice of this shrewd devil," he murmured to himself. Then a bright thought struck him; possibly the hunchback might possess a weapon of some sort. He resolved to act upon that supposition.

"Rick, do you know that I am afraid to-night?" he said.

The boy stared in astonishment; in his own mind he had set the stranger down as a man of dauntless courage.

"Yes, afraid," repeated Bertrand.

"Of what, mister?" asked the boy, in wonder.

"That is exactly what I do not know," replied Bertrand. "My fear is a nameless one, but if I had a weapon of any kind I should not fear."

"Would a revolver do?"

"Yes," replied Bertrand, eagerly. "Have you got one?"

"Yes; I found it, arter a fight, in the street; it were down in the gutter and I picked it up and hid it. Some soldiers got into a fight one night at the sheebang over the way, and I d'pose one of 'em lost it."

"Will you get it for me?"

"Yes, right away," and noiselessly the boy left the room.

"Fortune at last favors me!" cried Bertrand, in exultation. "With a good revolver in my paw, I'd defy the devil himself to kill me without a struggle or a noise. Besides, I am forewarned, and forewarned is forearmed. Now let this angel-faced devil come—and yet I should hate to kill her."

The tones of his voice softened as he spoke. The memory of the old time comes back to me, but she deserves death, and it is only just that I should be her executioner."

Bertrand's reflections were interrupted by the return of the hunchback.

The boy drew a large revolver from under his ragged jacket and handed it to Bertrand.

The practiced eye of the ex-Confederate soldier quickly saw the excellence of the weapon.

"A 'Remington,'" he said, musingly.

"How many times the balls of these playthings in the hands of the 'blue coats' have whistled about my head down in old Rack-cusack! I should like to see Arkansas again, but I'm afraid that my life wouldn't be worth much in that region." Then he turned and addressed the boy. "This is just the thing, Rick; I am much obliged to you. Finish the ale," and as he spoke he poured what remained of the liquor into the glass.

"Sit down and drink it up, my lad. I've taken quite a fancy to you. I think that you have quick wits and keen eyes. I want a lad like you. How would you like to leave this den and go with me?"

The boy's eyes sparkled with delight as the welcome words fell upon his ears.

"I'd like to go, but—"

"But what?" said Bertrand, kindly.

"I ain't fit to go with a gentleman like you, and I'm a hunchback," the mournful tone of the boy's voice told how keenly he felt his degradation.

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Bertrand, laughing. "I don't look much like a gentleman in these rags," and he glanced down contemptuously at his coarse garments as he spoke.

"Maybe you've got a reason why you wear them," said the boy, shrewdly.

"Yes, I have a reason, Rick; and a very good one, too, but though my fortunes may be desperate now, yet I am sure they will not always continue so. What do you say; will you go with me when I want you?"

"But my hump?" said the boy, doubtfully.

"So long as your tongue is straight, what do I care if your back is crooked?" exclaimed Bertrand. "I want one who will serve me faithfully; one who has the courage to carry out my orders. What say you, will you be that one?"

"Yes," said the boy, promptly.

"It is a bargain, then?" cried Bertrand, grasping the hand of the boy, and for a moment holding it within his own. "And now tell me, Rick, who and what are you? Are your parents living?"

"I never had any that I knows on," said the hunchback, sorrowfully.

"An orphan, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I been knocked about ever since I kin remember. I tried to be a boot-black, and for to sell papers, but the other boys made fun of me 'cos I had a crooked back, and wolloped me 'cos I was weak and little. At last I come here with Mister Casper. That was 'bout two years ago."

"And was this girl—this Lurline—here when you came?" Bertrand asked, carelessly.

"No, sir."

"Ah, how long has she been here?"

"'Bout two months," the boy replied.

"Her father—he's the man wot keeps the house—was taken sick, and she come to take care of him."

"Where did she come from? Do you know?" Bertrand asked.

"Yes, from Wilmington; it ain't very far from here."

"I know where it is," Bertrand said. "Do you know what she was doing in Wilmington?"

"Yes, she was keeping school there," the boy answered.

Bertrand's face showed surprise.

"A school-teacher, eh?" he murmured, slowly, to himself; "her spirit must have been tamed down to consent to such toil as that. Can she have changed? Can her Heart of Fire have tamed to one of flesh? Perhaps—but, no, it is impossible! When the tiger changes his stripes then she will change, but not before."

Rick watched the face of Bertrand with great curiosity.

"You and Miss Lurline used to know each other, didn't you?" questioned the boy, shrewdly.

Bertrand laughed at the question.

"Perhaps," he said.

"Well, good-night, mister; I'll go, 'cos they may think down-stairs there's some thing up if I stay here so long." As he spoke, the boy moved toward the door.

"Good-night, Rick. Remember that when I want you, you are to come."

"All right, mister." The door closed behind the boy. Bertrand awaited the coming of his secret foe.

### CHAPTER X.

THE UNKNOWN POWER.

THE landlord of the Karkakee House looked at his daughter in astonishment when she uttered the strange speech after Bertrand Tasnor had left the room.

"Why, gal!" he exclaimed, in utter amazement, "what do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say!" she replied, excitedly. "I can not guess what evil destiny has brought this man to our house, but I am sure that his coming here bodes no good to me."

"Why, what harm can he do you?" asked the amazed old man.

"Come up-stairs, father, and I will tell you," the girl replied. "We can not speak here without danger that some one may overhear us."

"But, I can't leave the bar, gal; besides there ain't any danger that any one will hear what we say. We kin speak low," said the landlord.

"Very well," replied the girl, absently. A strange expression was upon her face; it was evident that her thoughts were far away.

"Now how kin this feller hurt you?" demanded the father.

"You know the old captain who comes here?" said the girl.

"What? Captain Middough?" asked the



"Yes."  
"Of course I know him; he says that I keep as good liquor as any man in Chicago," said the landlord, with pride.

"Your good liquor is not the attraction that draws him to this house," Lurrie spoke dryly.

"What then?"

"Your daughter."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Blazes!" growled the old man, in astonishment. "You don't say so!"

"It is the truth," replied Lurrie; "he happened to see me the first time that he ever entered these doors. He comes now to see me; that is the reason of his visiting here. He told me so on his last visit."

"Another one bewitched, eh?"

"Yes; he is in love with me."

"Much good it will do him!" said the landlord, in a surly way.

"It will do him a great deal of good, for I am going to marry him," replied Lurrie, quietly.

"What?" cried the father, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"I repeat, I am going to become his wife," replied the girl.

"You marry old Middough! Why, he's worth a hundred thousand, sure!" said the old man, in a tone which plainly indicated that he was thoroughly astonished.

"And yet, with all his money, he wishes to make me his wife. He told me so on his last visit. He says the fact that I am only a poor girl, and far removed from the circle in which he moves, does not matter in the least. He is willing to marry me, even if it displeases all his relatives."

"And what did you say?"

"I requested time to think it over, and promised him that I would give him a decided answer when he returned to Chicago," said Lurrie.

"Well, now, that is a chance for you!" cried the father, in delight. "Old Middough's got plenty of money. I might have known that if you ever looked at him with those eyes of yours, he was a gone coon. How soon are you going to be married?"

"I can not tell now," said the girl, thoughtfully, and contracting her brows as she spoke.

"Why not?" asked the father. "The sooner the better, I should say."

"And so I should have said, an hour ago," replied the girl, an angry look upon her face as she spoke.

"An hour ago?"

"Yes, before this stranger came."

"What has he got to do with it?" demanded the old man, with ugly decision.

"Every thing!" cried the girl, bitterly. "I can never marry Middough, while this man is living!"

"No?"

"Not without great risk."

"Well, I don't understand," muttered the old man, dubiously.

"And I can not fully explain. There are some dark passages in my life, father, that must be kept secret, even from you."

"And this cuss has got something to do with them events?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's only a poor shoot, anyway. Give him a ten-dollar note to clear out," said the landlord, sagaciously.

"Ten dollars!" cried Lurrie, in contempt. "Father, you do not know this man. He could not be turned from his way by ten thousand dollars."

"No!" and the worthy landlord of the Kankakee House again opened his eyes widely in astonishment.

"No," repeated the girl; "his nature is like my own—cold, hard and pitiless; but, he does not give way to passion like I do. His heart is iron, his will an unbending one. I have not forgotten, though it is years since I have looked upon his face. I thought him dead, but I recognized him at once, although he has changed greatly."

"Then he ain't a friend of yours," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"A friend, no!" cried the girl, with bitterness in her tone; "he is my deadly enemy!"

"How kin he prevent you from marrying Middough, if you and he agree for to hitch teams?"

"I can not tell you that; it must remain a secret, but he can prevent my marriage with Middough or with any one else."

"Ain't you dreaming?" asked the old man, incredulously.

"Oh, no!" cried Lurrie, bitterly. "I am wide awake, though would to heaven that it were all a dream. I tell you, father, that were I standing by the altar and the minister was reading the service which was to make me a wife, this man, with one single word, could stop all. He could make me leave the altar's side and follow him throughout the world!" Earnestly the words came from her lips.

The old man stared at her for a few moments in silence.

"I s'pose that this chap an' you have had some love affair," he said, at length.

"Yes," said Lurrie, slowly.

"Well, it's funny that I don't know any thing 'bout it. I'm sure I never see'd him afore," said the old man, evidently puzzled.

"Oh, yes; he was at Kankakee, and stopped at our house there, years ago," replied the girl.

"What?" and a sudden light appeared to break in upon the old fellow's bewildered brain. "I remember now: you went

away from us and were gone 'bout a year, an' you never told any thing 'bout it. Was he mixed up in that?"

"Yes."

"He was your lover then?"

"Yes, and I once loved him as I had never loved before, and perhaps as I shall never love again," said the girl, a tinge of sadness in her voice as she spoke.

"You don't love him now?"

"Love him? I hate him!" cried the girl, her voice full of fiery passion.

"And does he love you?"

"No; he hates me as bitterly as I do him," she replied. "I thought at first that he had not recognized me, but, his parting speech convinced me that he remembered as I remembered."

"What's to be done?" said the old man, thoughtfully.

"He must not interfere with my plans!" cried Lurrie, a wicked light sparkling in her clear blue eyes. "By marrying this old man—whose every sense I have snared to my will—I gain all that I wish for in this world. I am tired of being a drudge. I would be rich. The chains that this old captain offers are golden ones; all that I desire in the world he will give me. I want peace and rest. I would forget the past—forget the life linked in by days and nights of suffering. In the gay world of fashion I can forget. Then the bitter memories will not crowd in like an inky mantle upon my brain. I am young yet; I would enjoy my life; taste the pleasure that the world can give me and which I have never yet enjoyed."

"But this man is right in the way," observed the old man, thoughtfully, and an evil expression appeared upon his hard features.

"Father, he must be put out of the way," said the girl, lowly and sternly.

"Well, I thought of that," replied the old man, in the same cautious tones.

"He must die that I may live. It is a struggle for existence between us. I must crush him or he will crush me."

"He's right in the trap, too," said the old man, grimly.

"Yes, such another chance may never occur. He knows me, I am sure of it, for he called me by the old pet name that he used years ago. He attempted to make it appear as if it was but the result of an accident, the using of the expression, but I am not easily deceived."

Stern and haggard was now the beautiful face of the girl, and in the blue eyes, now gleaming so fiercely, was written *Murder!*

"How kin it be done without detection, 'cos we've got to dispose of the body?" asked the father.

"I have thought of a way," replied the girl, quickly. "There is a small door that leads from the next apartment into his. By means of that door my minister of death shall strike him."

"And who is he?" asked the old man, in wonder.

"To-morrow that question will be answered," replied the girl, with a smile of deadly meaning. "There will be no danger of detection. His death will seem but the result of his own carelessness. No one on this earth will guess that he perished by the agency of a foe."

"Well, I don't understand," muttered the old man, utterly bewildered.

"Wait until to-morrow and you will. One glance at his face will tell you the manner of his death, and you can easily guess the agent I employ to strike the blow."

"It will make no noise?"

"No; no shriek of mortal agony shall tell the world that the hour of death is nigh. By midnight he will be before his Judge." And with these mysterious words, she glided from the room.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 30.)

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OR,  
THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING.

A PHILADELPHIA HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,  
AUTHOR OF "MASKED MURDER," "UNDER MALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED.

"Back! back, Willis Wildfern! In those days I did but jest! and you know it was but a jest," Agnes exclaimed, in a desperate, agonizing voice. "Back! or I'll cry for help. Oh, God! spare me, spare me, man!" she cried, in piteous, wailing tones, as the villain darted upon her.

"Cry for help, my pretty Agnes! Cry away and as loud as you please; but 'tis of no avail. And, remember that the hour is late, and no one passing! So cry away, but at last you are in my hands!"

As he uttered the last words he drew a keen knife and threw himself upon her at a bound. The girl struggled wildly; and then the old house rung with shriek after shriek. But Agnes was as a baby in that strong man's arms. Then his broad palm covered her mouth.

At that instant there was a furious clatter and banging at the street door downstairs.

Wildfern paused, and a dark frown came over his face. He bent his head and listened. The knocks were momentarily increasing, and the door was shaken violently.

The man, still holding his hand over the

girl's mouth, glanced quickly around him. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, he hurled the maiden rudely to the floor, and the long knife was pointed to her throat, as the man whispered, fiercely:

"I am going now! But, dare breathe my name, and you are a dead woman! Swear to me, Agnes Hope, that you will not reveal me to living soul, as having been here to-night! Swear! or, by heavens, I'll drive the knife into your throat!" and he pushed the keen knife venomously forward.

There was no time for the girl to think—the man was in terrible earnest, and death stared her in the face.

"I—I swear," she said, in a low voice.

The man at once released her, and darted to the front window. In an instant he had flung up the sash, sprung out, and, holding by the sill, found with his feet the shutter below, and swung himself to the pavement.

He was not a moment too soon; for at that moment the front door gave way with a crash, flying feet echoed in the hall and up the stair-case, and in a few seconds Frank Hayworth burst, like a tornado, into the room.

### CHAPTER XXV.

READING ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE reader will remember that Frank Hayworth was left all alone, lying senseless and motionless upon the snow-covered pavement of the street. Those who had so murderously assailed him, as we know, hurried off, at once, as if their work was done, and done to suit them.

For fifteen minutes the actor lay perfectly quiet; but then suddenly there was a sign of returning consciousness. A shiver passed through his frame, then another, and in a moment he sat up in the snow, and gazed around him. In an instant every thing flashed over him; and there around him were the marks of the recent struggle. Then a terrible thought went like a racing wind through his brain, and by a quick effort he sprang to his feet.

Frank Hayworth did not pause, but glancing around him in every direction he buttoned his coat about him, and strode on down Twelfth street. Just before he reached Catherine street he fancied he saw before him a fitting figure. He paused to examine it. This occasioned a delay of some minutes.

But then, all at once, whatever it was, the figure disappeared. And then the actor stood in Catherine street. He started suddenly as if pierced with a knife; for just then a long, wailing shriek, and then an agonizing cry for help, rung out from the old house just above, which he knew so well, and echoed with startling effect upon the sleeping air.

Frank Hayworth knew that shriek—that cry. He waited not a moment but dashed on. When he reached the house he found the door not only locked, but evidently barred.

And still the cries came forth from that upper room.

Putting his shoulder against the panel, and exerting his whole strength, the actor was gratified in seeing the door give way with a crash; and in a moment the young man had bounded up-stairs, and then stood in the room of Agnes Hope, the actress.

He glanced around him like a tiger; but he saw no object upon which to wreak his vengeance. He glanced at the window through which the night-wind was sweeping raw and chill; then he shrugged his shoulders.

Hurrying to the window, he closed the sash, and returned at once to Agnes.

The poor girl was lying on the floor, her face to the bare boards, her long black hair in wild disarray falling over her head in disordered profusion. She did not move a limb.

In an instant the actor knelt by her side, and raised the girl in his strong arms. She still made no sign, and gave no motion.

Frank Hayworth turned the sweet white face so that the light fell upon it. Oh, how haggard—how anguished—how stricken that face!

The actor started.

"Arouse, Agnes, my sister!" he whispered in her ear, in a tone full of yearning sympathy; "I am here."

As the warm, earnest words fell upon her slumbering ear, Agnes started. The blood flowed to her cheeks and she opened her eyes. As her gaze flashed upon Frank Hayworth, she uttered a low cry of joy, and staggering to her feet clutched her arms around his neck, and buried her head in his broad bosom.

Frank Hayworth's heart beat wildly, as he felt the encircling arms of the orphan girl tighten around his neck, and as he perceived the thrill of the virgin's heart pulsing tremulously against his own.

But the actor was true to himself. He had fixed the relationship which should exist between him and her, and he would not forget it.

"Oh, Frank!" murmured the girl, "I am so glad you have come! Oh! what a hideous phantom!" she paused all at once.

"Phantom, Agnes? I am sure I heard flying feet, and—and a man's voice. Tell me that man's name, Agnes, that I may chastise him," and the young fellow leaned down to catch the answer.

But the girl still hesitated.

"Speak, Agnes! tell me the name of

him who dared invade the privacy of your chamber!"

The girl shivered; and straightening up she drew away, as, for an instant, a faint blush glowed over her cheek.

She stood alone. Then in a voice almost inaudible, she said:

"I can not reveal his name, Frank."

"Can not! Why, Agnes, what mean you?"

"I mean that I am oath-bound! But 'tis over now, Frank, and I think—that is—it will never be repeated. Let it pass. But, I am so glad you are here."

Frank Hayworth did not reply.

After some moments he bade the girl go to bed and rest in peace—that he would sleep in the little room adjoining, and would keep a wakeful eye.

Then, after a soft good-night, the young man retired to the room which he had mentioned.

The night passed and the dawn of another day broke; but the sun was high in the heavens, and broad flashes of his reflected light glittered in the room of Agnes Hope before the girl opened her eyes.

Frank Hayworth had long been up. He had passed a sleepless night, or, one tortured and distorted by grotesque, startling dreams. When he opened his eyes in the morning, and saw the happy sunlight glowing in the room, he smiled sweetly and thanked God, that, at last, the day had come to chase away the gloomy thoughts which were filling his mind.

The fact is, and the actor could not account for it, his mind was overspread with a dark cloud of doubt and fear. He had never felt thus before; and though he strove to shake off the strange foreboding feeling which had taken possession of him, yet he failed entirely.

After dressing that morning, and while poor Agnes still slept, he crept softly downstairs, and hurried out from the old house, in quest of a breakfast for the two. He was gone a half-hour, when he returned bringing a basket well-filled.

Then Agnes awoke, and was soon dressed. Then the two sat around the little table on which the nice breakfast was spread; and the time passed happily.

An hour from then Agnes accompanied Frank to the boarding-house at which he lodged.

The actor had already obtained a nice room for her. He dared not trust her to remain exposed all alone in the old house on Catherine street. Agnes had hinted to him gently, and with a blushing face, that the rent for two months was due, and that, at present, she had not the money to meet the claim. She also let the young man infer that the owner of the property, Mr. Wildfern, had asked for the rent.

Frank Hayworth had replied soothingly in a few words to all this; and then when Agnes was out of the room, he hastily wrote a note in pencil and placed it away in his pocket. When downstairs, he fastened it on the front door, knowing well that Wildfern would be there soon to look after his victim.

Of course the reader must know that Frank Hayworth suspected that Wildfern was the man who had forced his way into the chamber of Agnes Hope. That man was known to the actor, and the reputation he bore was none of the best.

The contents of that note, which Frank Hayworth pinned to the door, were brief. They simply informed Wildfern, that he, the actor, would be at his room—mentioning the street and number of the house—at certain hours, and that he would be prepared to liquidate any claims he had against Miss Agnes Hope.

In her new quarters Agnes grew happy; the black clouds which had lowered over her heart floated slowly but surely away, and at last she saw the glimmer of the sunlight breaking through the rifts above.

Frank Hayworth got ready to go to rehearsal. He started with amazement when he saw that lady's gift—the diamond pin—was missing from his bosom. And the gloom on his heart settled down blacker than ever.

At rehearsal the young man went through his part mechanically, missing his cues here and there, and making the stage manager frown more than once.

When again he was free to go, the manager called Frank Hayworth aside, and told him firmly that he must be more heedful of his role, or he would lose the part assigned him.

The actor apologized, and promising to do better, yet not caring to tell the manager the cause of his remissness, left the theater and hurried down-town.

In a few moments he entered the Ledger office, and left an advertisement to appear for one week. The advertisement was for the lost pin.

Frank Hayworth was very busy that day; he locked himself in his room, and seemed determined to arouse himself from the state of lethargy into which he had fallen. He resolved to bury his troubles in renewed attention to his stage duties—determined as he was, to win back his place in the estimation of the manager, and of the crowds which frequented the theater.

So he strode up and down the room, endeavoring to bring back the old fire, which, in a measure, he had lost. He partly succeeded, and a glow of satisfaction spread over his face, and thrilled through his being. And when Agnes, late in the short winter afternoon, rapped gently at his door, the young man gladly welcomed her.

An hour passed in heart and soul conversation, and then Agnes, happy and buoyant, withdrew to her own neat little chamber, thanking God that he had flung in her way such a friend as Frank Hayworth; at the same time—as a soft and delicious melancholy passed over her—praying that same God, that she might love him only as a sister.

And then the actor was all alone again. It lacked yet two hours or more before it was time to go to the theater. Frank Hayworth glanced around him.

A daily paper caught his eye. He drew it toward him, and spreading it open, looked leisurely through its teeming columns.

Suddenly his eye rested a little longer than usual on a paragraph. He read it again; and then again more intently. He laid the paper aside, and leaped his head on his hands, a grave shade growing over his face—a wild, yearning look coming to his eyes.

For some moments he sat thus.

At length he looked up, and once again taking the paper, drew near the dim light. Bending down close, he read aloud in a low but distinct voice:

"FOUND.—At the Chestnut street Theater, last night, a lady's ring—fine gold, with a ruby setting. The owner can have it by applying at No. 11 Locust street, proving property and paying for this advertisement."

Frank Hayworth paused and looked down. He did not speak; but he was thinking—thinking of a ruby ring which he had once slipped upon a tapering, ivory-white finger; thinking and dreaming over the old memories lying so quiet, so dead-like below the surface of the sea of time. And that sea had been stirred by the little paragraph.

Arousing himself, however, the actor looked again over the paper, half-smiling to himself, as he dismissed a strange thought which had crept apace through his brain. But scarcely had his eyes rested upon the sheet again, when once more he started, this time as though an arrow had darted into his bosom.

With a wild cry—one-half of joy, half of agony, the young man clutched the paper in his trembling grasp, and held it almost in the flame itself.

His eyes burned down into the sheet, the blood flowed away from his face, and he bit viciously at the ends of the long mustache which swept over his mouth. Then he read this other advertisement, letter by letter, word by word.

"My God! Sadie! Sadie! And the ring! I'll go and seek yes—now!"

Without another word he snatched his hat and overcoat, and then walked rapidly down-stairs. He passed Agnes on the stairs; but his head was bowed down and he scarcely observed her. Then he was in the street.

Agnes paused as Frank Hayworth passed her, and a pang shot through her heart, but she crushed it out, and went on to her room.

The actor strode rapidly away. At last he reached Locust street. He turned to the left and walked on. In a few moments he stood before the door of the mansion in which we have seen Wildfern enter.

He rung the bell. In a few moments the summons was answered.

Frank Hayworth staggered back as he received to his inquiry this answer from Lady Maud:

"The ring has already been claimed, sir."

And then the actor, with an agonized bosom, reeled away.

The reader can imagine how *Hawthorne* was rendered that night.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

GOD-SPEED YOU, FROM AN ENEMY.

THAT night, when the actor left the theater, he did not return straight home, but strode away down the street. Reaching the Continental Hotel, he entered and examined the book of guests at the clerk's desk. His examination was brief but thorough.

He did not find the name he was seeking.

He crossed over at once to the Girard House, and made a like examination of the books there, and with a similar success.

He walked forth into the street, and as he reached the curb, he paused and pondered for a moment. Then he turned at once and hurried up the street. In a few moments he was at the St. Lawrence Hotel.

He entered, and going to the clerk's desk glanced carefully over the leaves of the register. But still, he did not find the name he was seeking.

As he was about closing the large book, he started slightly, when the leaves fell open at a certain point, and his eyes rested on an entry made some weeks before.

That entry read:

"MISS DAVIS AND MAM, VIRGINIA."

The young man gazed at the name for a moment; the word *Virginia* was familiar to the sight, but he knew of no Miss Davis. And then the entry was evidently in a man's handwriting.

With a sigh, Frank Hayworth turned and strode out into the street; thence he took his way toward home.

But he had not despaired of finding what he was seeking—that something suggested by the last advertisement he had read in the LEDGER.

He hurried on however, for the hour was



late, and then he was almost certain that Agnes was sitting up waiting for him.

We might as well in this place tell the reader the advertisement which had so startled Frank Hayworth.

It read thus:  
**FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD** for specific information as regards the whereabouts of my beloved daughter, Sadie Sayton. She left my home clandestinely a little over three weeks ago, and from what I can learn, and from what I suspect, she has gone to Philadelphia. Should this meet her eye, I beg her for her old love of me to return to her poor distracted father, who is sick in mind and in body.

"Any one giving reliable information of my dear daughter can obtain the above reward, besides a father's undying gratitude, by addressing

COLONEL SARTON,  
 Charles City, C. H., Va."

Late this same night, two men in an open furniture-wagon, drove up to the entrance of a small squalid alley below Fitzwater street, and alighted.

No word was spoken, and the men disappeared in the alley. They were gone a few moments, when they returned, bearing between them, a large, heavy frame-work, which resembled rudely a printing press. This they hurriedly yet softly deposited in the wagon, and at once returned up the alley.

A few moments elapsed, when they reappeared a second time, bringing between them another similar apparatus, which they likewise deposited in the wagon.

Then they looked around them carefully in all directions. No one was in sight.

Leaping into the wagon they drove away—not hastily, but slowly, guardedly. At length they reached Fifteenth street. Into this they turned.

As soon as they had well entered Fifteenth street, the driver struck the horse a smart blow, and away the wagon rattled. The animal was not spared, and the vehicle sped rapidly away.

The men did not draw rein until they had reached Coates street, far away. Here they paused for a moment in their headlong career, and looked cautiously about them.

Still there was no one in sight.

They at once turned the horse's head to the left, and in a moment were rattling out the street last mentioned. On they clattered and jolted, making the silent, sleeping streets to echo again and again.

Now and then a window-sash was suddenly hurled up, and a night-capped head was protruded. But the poor horse was not running away, and the sash went down again.

The wagon clattered on straight out Coates street. The thickly inhabited portion of the thoroughfare was left behind; and then, at length, they entered the limits of the park.

Still they drew not rein. On they dashed, taking the road leading over the little bridge toward Lemon Hill. At the base of the hill they turned sharply, keeping the broad road leading around the cliffs, and skirting the river.

All at once they drew rein. They had reached a point around the bend above the BACHELORS' Barge-house.

There, tied to the bank, was a large row-boat, lying motionless in the black, half-congealed, sleeping river.

In a moment the men had leaped to the ground, and secured the panting horse.

In ten minutes they had transferred the singular wagon-load, they had hauled, to the boat, and leaping in, shored off the skiff, bent to the oars, and were soon urging the craft against the freezing current, up-river.

They had to keep well out in the stream, for the river was fast being frozen over; in fact, it was already covered with a thin coating; and along the shore, where the boat had lain, the ice was quite thick, necessitating considerable effort before the heavily-laden barge could be got clear, and into comparatively smooth water.

The men rowed on—not pausing once for breath. The Girard avenue bridge was passed; then Columbia bridge; still the men urged the boat onward.

At length they drew near the silent shades of Laurel Hill Cemetery. Suddenly turning the head in shore, they drove the craft rapidly through the thickly-forming ice, until it grated on the pebbles of the beach.

The men leaped ashore, and at once set to work to unload the boat. Lading themselves, this time, with both of the singular-looking pieces of framework at once, they began the ascent of the sharp hill.

They were men of brawn, and they did not even stop once, though the load they bore was enormous, and the hill they were ascending almost like a wall.

At last they reached the summit, and even here they did not stop.

They plunged ahead amid the snow, and amid the dense trees and pale spectral marbles, as if they were at home in the locality.

Suddenly, however, they paused at the entrance of an old, decayed vault, built into a shelving hill in the cemetery.

The men laid aside their load, and kicked away the thick snow before the door. Then one of them applied a key to the rusted lock, and the door of the charnel house swung back.

The men waited not, but immediately lugged in the pieces of framework, and closed the door behind them.

The dawn was just breaking when two men entered the wagon, away by the boat-house, and drove off toward the city.

And in this early light it was easy to see that a solid sheet of ice covered the bosom of the Schuylkill.

The sun could not have been an hour high the next morning when the Lady Maud, having nicely arranged a large waiter, containing a bountiful breakfast, made her way up-stairs to Sadie's room.

In a moment or so, she had softly turned the bolt, and as softly entered the peculiarly arranged, badly ventilated, yet gorgeously and gaudily furnished apartment. Then placing the waiter upon a table, she turned around and gazed at the silent form of her who lay so motionless on the bed.

The Lady Maud had slept so soundly herself the night before, when once she was in bed, that her eyes were not now open as much as they might have been.

But she drew near the bed and gazed earnestly at Sadie, who was slumbering so sweetly, so innocently. Then, as a soft expression crept across the woman's stern face, she stepped to the door, and pushed it gently, wide open, to allow the purer air to rush in from the hall.

Then she again drew near the bed and looked down on the wondrously fair face of the prisoner-girl—that face now slightly distorted, although calmed into repose by sleep—and marked with a deep line of acute soul-suffering.

Several moments elapsed, and still the Lady Maud bent her eyes on the helpless form and childlike face of Sadie Sayton.

The girl turned in her sleep, and murmured gently a few inaudible words, so faint indeed, that they scarcely broke the silence of the apartment. A sweet, heavenly smile, like the changes of a fading sunset, flitted over her face.

But as quick as lightning, and as if by magic, the smile fled frightened away—the lips contracted—the blood in them disappeared, leaving them almost colorless—a deadly pallor routed the roses from her cheeks, and a frown darkly wrinkled the sweet, sad face.

Then, suddenly, the nervous right hand—which had lain extended by the girl's side—darted out into life. In it was tightly gripped the flashing dirk-knife.

With a slight cry of alarm and astonishment, Lady Maud drew back; but instantly approached nearer and said, in a low breath, to herself:

"Thank God! She has defended herself. She defies him yet, and God willing, shall continue to do so!"

These were strange words coming from one of whom, we doubt not, the reader has formed a damaging estimate. But the low, earnest tone, the quivering lip, and more than all, the tear-drop which fell from her eye, told that Lady Maud had spoken from the heart.

She waited a moment or so; and then, as the armed right hand sunk slowly to its resting-place again, Lady Maud leaned down, and whispered gently in the sleeper's ear.

The maiden started, her eyes suddenly opened, a shiver shot over her frame, and then, with a wild cry, Sadie covered her eyes and shrunk away.

"There, my poor child; be not alarmed; for I tell you, I am your friend—your friend in *any* extremity!"

The Lady Maud spoke very decidedly, very earnestly—almost enthusiastically.

Sadie opened her eyes and glanced at her. At one look she saw that the woman had spoken truthfully.

"May God bless you!" she murmured.

Then Lady Maud seated herself by the bedside of the girl, and took the small, hot hand gently in hers.

A long conversation ensued—one in which there was a communion of heart with heart—one which proved that deep down in the fashionable, worldly woman's bosom there was a well-spring of sympathy whose waters had been reached.

When that conversation was ended, the Lady Maud arose, leaned over the girl, kissed her softly, and bade her be of good cheer. Then she went out softly, closing the door behind her. As she left the room she inadvertently dropped from her bosom a morning paper which she had read and put there.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 25.)

## How She Kept her Word.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"WILL I win him? Yes, if the very heavens fall in consequence."

Proudly beautiful she looked as she spoke, with her purple-black eyes, her flushed cheeks and parted lips, red and haughty.

"But, Rena, what if he will not let you love him—what if he will not be won?"

There was a faint quiver of pain in the gentle voice that uttered the question, and Grace Elmer's blue eyes glanced deprecatingly at the proud, classic face beside her.

A merry, mellow laugh, a merriment that was heartless if you listened devoid of the admiration Rena Cameron's actions always excited, came rippling from those perfect lips.

"Petite, I apprehend no such fatality. But, granting it may be the case, shall I tell you what I'd do? I'd sweep every obstacle from my path, and crown myself victorious!"

Grace Elmer's cheeks paled.

"Even a heart, Rena? even a loving, adoring heart that would break if it lost him?"

In her almost beseeching tones, Rena Cameron read the fair girl's secret; with a latent thunder in her voice, she demanded it of her.

"Grace, answer me, I command! Have you learned to love Chester D'Lyon? have you dared to care for him, the only man I ever thought of?"

She caught the fair white arm fiercely as she spoke.

Grace's blue eyes sunk; and a shade of—was it fear?—passed over her pretty, girlish features.

"Answer me, or I will taunt you with your past—your past, girl! Do you obey me?"

Her hold loosened, and she stepped a pace backward. Then Grace raised her eyes, and met Rena Cameron's fiery gaze.

"I never should have told you, had you not compelled me to it. Yes, Rena, although I am nothing but a poor girl, whose life you have brightened by your bountiful charity, whose home has been in your splendid house, I have unconsciously, unwittingly become your rival. I love him—oh, I never could tell you how much!"

And in her tender, violet-blue eyes there came a radiance that fairly maddened the passionate woman before her.

"You dared do this—you, the poverty child, who are not worthy to brush the dust off his feet!"

Her voice was choked and hoarse, and at the fearful rage in her tones Grace trembled.

"I could not help it, Rena! Could you? he is so handsome, so noble, so god-like! But it's so strange he can love me—she stopped short, appalled by the intense light in Rena's eyes.

For a moment she remained silent; then, when she spoke, her voice was quiet—oh, frightfully calm.

"We will leave this subject. As I before said, I will win Chester D'Lyon, though a human heart—say, or a human life must be sacrificed!"

A scream burst from Grace's lips.

"Rena—Rena—you frighten me; unsay those fearful words."

Rena turned away a moment to hide the scornful, pitiless smile; then she put out both her dainty white hands.

"Gracie, my darling, I am beside myself. I never meant what I said. I was mad, I am mad to speak such words, to think such thoughts. But, oh, the agony in my heart is more than I can bear."

She laid her haughty head on Grace's shoulder.

"I am so grieved, so troubled, Rena, dear, that you care for him. If I can do any thing for you I will gladly. You'll forgive me? promise me that."

Down under the tiny hands that covered her face, came that satanic smile again, that ominous flash of those purple-black eyes.

Then she raised her face to Grace's.

"Forgive you, pet? will you forgive me?" And on that polished forehead Grace pressed a guileless kiss.

"Rena, let me beg one favor of you. Please, please, Rena, do not tell Chester about St. John Warrington."

An anxious look clouded her face until Rena looked brightly up.

"Not I, *cara mia*. Will you run down, now, and give Mrs. Wood the orders for a lunch?"

With her fairy gracefulness she departed, and Rena gazed after her, a darkening shadow gathering over her face, and in her eyes a concentrated, insufferable brilliance, so radiant that you could not tell whether it was a white light or a black shade.

"Poor, contemptible little fool! Does she think I shall let him slip so easily? I love him; I will win him, despite her. I will be pitiless—yes, pitiless as Fate!"

"Well, what can you say to this most infamous charge?"

Chester D'Lyon stood frowning upon the six months' wife, who, in her beauty and grief, was bowing like a bruised reed.

"Answer me, Grace, and tell me if it is true? if this St. John Warrington, the lover who wooed you before I came, has dared address himself to you again, you a married woman—you, my wife, Mrs. Chester D'Lyon?"

He was a haughty, handsome man, who almost worshiped the child-wife he had won so shortly before; and, as he stood there now, her accuser, there was a tender, pitiful light in his splendid large brown eyes as he gazed upon her bowed head.

"Grace, I command that you tell me. Have you seen St. John Warrington since we were married?"

A faint flush dawned on her cheeks, and her voice was constrained, while it had a tinge of indignant hauteur.

"I have seen him, Chester."

"More than once?"

The question came in a pained voice.

"More than once. I could not avoid it. It happened—"

A fierce, red light shone in his eyes.

"I care not how it happened. It is enough that you have degraded yourself sufficiently to publicly accept his attentions—the courtesy of a man of his position in society."

"But, Chester, remember—"

"Only remember that Mrs. D'Lyon has displeased me."

With a ceremonious bow, he turned and left her, just as, by a rose-hued curtain-screen, Rena Cameron stepped forth, her beautiful face all aglow with triumph.

Like the murmur of soft-flowing waters,

her voice came to the ears of the grieved, wounded wife.

"Grace, my darling, not in tears? Surely Chester D'Lyon's wife can have no occasion to indulge in that luxury! What troubles you, petite?"

Her soft, cool hand went caressingly over Grace's hot cheeks.

"The old jealousy, Rena, my good angel. Chester can't understand I only casually met Mr. Warrington, and did not exchange twenty words with him."

"He must be very obtuse."

How low and sweet the voice was; how triumphantly horrible the eyes were!

"No, Rena, it is not that. It is because he loves me so! I wonder who ever has prejudiced him so, and misrepresented our old time friendship so? It wasn't you, Rena, for you promised never to tell."

"I? Certainly not. Grace, I have never lisped a word."

"There came a letter, I believe, signed 'Friend,' that caused the trouble. I do wonder who wrote it?"

Her eyes, fixed in vague inquiry far out over the fragrant clover fields, did not see the smile break over Rena's red lips.

"I would have given Mr. D'Lyon credit for better sense than noticing anonymous letters. I think them detestable affairs."

"That is why I never judged you, dear, knowing how honorable you always were."

Transcendently beautiful she was, with her creamy silk dress lying in rich folds white as snow about her. She had never looked better, and people said, as they thronged her parlors, that Rena Cameron was the handsomest bride ever seen.

Upstairs, her attendants dismissed, she stood alone, before her mirror, smiling at the perfect reflection therein.

"Five long, weary years of patient waiting, and to-day he is mine; mine, as I swore he should be the day I learned he loved her! Ah, the miserable little fool to dare play her cards against me—me, Rena Cameron—whose jealous blood runs like black fire through her veins!"

"To-day, where is she? Sleeping in her grave, an outcast from home, her memory despised by her husband, who, to-day, weds her who has won him at last!"

She laughed in her triumph; such a laugh as a satyr might have uttered.

And thus she went down to her marriage with Chester D'Lyon, on whose face had grown deep lines of pain, that had been graven there the day the news had come to him, in St. John Warrington's own handwriting, that Grace was no longer loyal to him; and that she had left her home to join her lover at a distant city.

True, Grace had written to explain, but her letter was returned, unopened. He could not brook that she should ever call him husband again.

The years had rolled on, and he had somehow—he often wondered how—become engaged to Rena Cameron. And to-day they were married!

The winter had passed, and June had come, while with every fleeting hour had come to Chester D'Lyon the knowledge that his beautiful, accomplished wife, who presided so haughtily and gracefully at his table, was a far different woman from the gentle Grace.

On his noble face there were grave care-lines, over which Mrs. D'Lyon used often to muse, wondering.

They were sitting in the library—it had once been Grace's favorite room, and he often found himself of late clinging tensely to the places and customs she had expressed a partiality for.

"Chester," and Rena laid her fair hands caressingly on his hair, "I had the strangest dream last night. It was of Grace."

Her voice took a low, sympathetic tone whenever she spoke of his dead wife.

"I seemed to see her here again—as of old. It was so real, that I shiver now to think of it. Chester," and she spoke suddenly, "are you sure Grace is dead?"

"Sure? Did we not both read the death in the papers? Did not I receive the wreath of immortelles that St. John Warrington insolently sent me?"

There was a latent anguish in his voice as he spoke.

"You never cared for me as you did for her. Chester, darling, don't you love me? If you but knew how I worship you!"

Her beseeching eyes were gazing at him.

"Rena, what occasion have I ever given you to question my affection? Have you not every thing that money or influence can procure you?"

"I know, I know! but, oh, my husband, if you but knew how I was starving for your love, you'd pity me. Chester, would you believe me when I say I am jealous of your dead wife?"

A dark shade passed over his face.

"Let her rest in peace, Rena. She was an angel on earth, while she loved me; and to-day I verily believe she is an angel up there."

Mrs. D'Lyon came nearer her husband.

"Chester, answer me two questions. If she were here to-day, who would you choose to stay with you?"

Her eyes were lurid with the intense light in their dark depths.

"Before God, Rena, I dare not say I would take you."

A faint cry, like a wail from the regions of the lost, fell from her lips.

"Forgive me, Rena, forgive me. You should not have pressed the unnecessary question."

Calm, icy, she still stood there.

"And I—if she were alive, and my dream troubles my very soul—I am, what? Tell me, Chester, tell me!" She was unnaturally calm; but the glitter in her eye alarmed D'Lyon.

"You are excited, my dear. Go for your wrap and hat and let me drive you to the park."

"A lady to see me, Parker? and no card? That is strange." Mrs. D'Lyon descended to the parlors.

At the window was the stranger; and, with a haughty bow, she arose as Mrs. D'Lyon entered.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing who I see. Madam, be seated."

"I believe I address Miss Cameron?" asked the stranger.

How strangely the name sounded to her.

"Oh, no. I am Mrs. Chester D'Lyon. And you—"

"I am Grace Elmer D'Lyon, come to vindicate my honor and dethrone you, the treacherous usurper!" She threw back her veil, and disclosed her fair, sweet face.

It was as she had said; and Rena Cameron gazed and gazed till she felt her eyeballs scorch at the sight.

"You Grace D'Lyon—you, the paramour of St. John—"

"Hold, woman! No one knows better than yourself the fearful slanders you forged to poison my noble husband's mind. You succeeded for a time, but now, my hour has come. St. John Warrington, on his dying bed, sent for me; gave me these letters you sent him, wherein you plotted for him to execute. I shall place them in Chester D'Lyon's hands. Let him choose between us."

"But we thought you were dead—I—"

"I know my husband never dreamed of the lie; he believed every word; he read the death notice that Warrington penned, when he found I would not be a tool in his hands as you had been. And after that, for long, long months I lay ill, so ill I never knew where I was. Then, when I recovered and came to seek you, I found you were traveling; or Chester was off on an European tour. I had no money; I could not follow. I dared not write, knowing it would never reach him."

As she spoke, she beckoned a servant passing the door.

"Send your master here, immediately."

A few seconds of grave-like silence, and then Mr. D'Lyon entered.

With a cry of joy she sprung to him.

"Chester! Chester! my darling, I am home again, as pure and true as the day we first met. Here are the proofs."

He caught her in his arms.

"Gracie—my wife! Am I dreaming or is it all true?"

He pressed her fiercely against him, kissing the lips, eyes, hair, regardless of the frozen form that stood regarding them.

"And you believe me, Chester?—believe I only accidentally went away on my own business the day St. John left? and that she did the rest?"

"I believe you as though an angel from heaven had spoken. Oh, Grace, I have been starving for you!"

Then they turned to the guilty woman before them.

"Rena Cameron! what have you to answer to this?"

His tones sent a shiver to her heart—the heart that with all its scheming, was so true in its love for him.

"Chester, oh, Chester, God knows I am not so wicked as you, as she, thinks me. I swear I believed her dead; if any one has criminally sinned in this awful deception, it is St. John Warrington. Chester, Chester! do you think I would have sacrificed my own reputation even to be called yours for this short, sweet time?"

Her angry flushes were paling, and in lieu of the lurid light in her eyes, came a despairing grief.

She reached out her fair hands and dropped to her knees.

"Chester, do not look at me so! in pity forgive me! I did wrong; I came between you; I sinned against you, my poor Gracie; I confess it all, every thing. And I offer but one excuse—I loved you, Chester."

Her voice quivered, and a cadence of thrilling tenderness lingered in the last words. A deep silence followed her confession; then Grace, raising her head from her husband's breast, smiled through her fast-falling tears.

"In the fullness of my happiness I will freely forgive you, Rena."

She looked up at Chester; the stern eyes were fixed on the beseeching attitude of the miserable woman.

"Only forgive me, Chester! Let me carry a pardon with me to my grave, instead of the love I was so proud of." Her tones were inexpressibly pitiful.

He reached forward and touched her beautiful brow lightly.

"I will forgive even as I hope to be forgiven, Rena!" He spoke at first solemnly, calmly; then quickly, affrightedly.

Before their tearful eyes, Rena had gone to her last account; a God, more merciful than Rena dared hope, had called her—(to herself? let us hope)—where the shadow of her past would not darken her own or another's pathway.

"Died suddenly," they said, "of an







stepped into the closet, and, sure enough, she did hear the Englishmen laying out the burglary, or rather getting ready to do it, for she could hear the jingle of the tools as they assorted them, maybe, or bundled them up ready for carrying.

When she came out, there stood Nellie with her little hood and cloak on, all ready to go out into the night and if a-raining in torrents.

Of course the mother was frightened at the thought of her doing it, but she never flinched, and hurried her child out as though it had been broad day and the sun a-shining. And I tell you, sir, it ain't many mothers would have done that just to save a rich man from being robbed of a few hundred, or even thousand dollars.

Well, the brave little girl waded and splashed through the storm, and when she got to the house it was some time before she could gain admittance, but, finally, one of the girls about the place opened the door and in she went.

She would only tell her business to the mistress, and was near being turned out, but luckily, or unluckily, Mrs. Snowden was awakened by the row, and ordered that she come up to her. It took but a few minutes to tell what she knew, and the whole house was roused, a policeman from his beat summoned, and then they waited for the cracksmen to come. The policeman and Mr. Snowden were concealed in the main hall, while the nephew, together with the coachman and gardener, lay hid in the basement. In about an hour's slight noise at one of the rear windows told them that the burglars were at work, and in less than five minutes the sash was raised, and one of them leaped into the room.

The other one followed quickly, the third remaining without, probably on watch.

The thieves seemed to know their ground well, and without pausing even to look around, they made for the stairs that led into the upper part of the house. The men on watch below allowed them to reach the upper landing, thus getting them between two fires as it were, and then made a rush, while the officer and the gentleman closed on them from the other side. The struggle was a desperate one, for those English burglars hate to be nabbed, and more than one of their assailants received wounds, the marks of which they carried to the grave.

But numbers overcome the villains and they were finally knocked down, tied and manacled, but not however till one of them had caught a glimpse of a crowd of scared faces gazing at them from the parlor doors.

As evil luck would have it, one of these was the face of Nellie, and, as the cracksmen saw it, he uttered a savage curse, coupled with a muttered threat of some kind, the exact words of which could not be distinguished.

He had seen the girl enter her home that night, and it did not take him long to guess why she was here instead of being where he had supposed she was, namely, in her bed in the old tenement.

Well, well, I needn't dwell in telling the remainder.

Both of them were tried and sentenced to a long term at Sing Sing, and there they were taken a few days after.

Just six months had passed when, one morning, the papers announced an uprising among the prisoners at the penitentiary, the murder of one of the keepers, and escape of three of the convicts, among whom was one of the English burglars who had been convicted some half a year previous for attempted robbery of the house of a rich merchant.

Poor people, such as we, do not see the papers every day; and so the escape was known to none in the tenement where Nellie and her mother lived. Nor did I know of it until after the terrible tragedy, a day or two afterward.

It was the Sunday following the escape, and Nellie was at home for the night as usual, for, since her noble conduct at the time of the burglary, she was permitted to spend every Sunday with her mother.

It must have been past midnight, for the whole house was long since buried in slumber, when, suddenly, the most awful screams broke upon the stillness, and instantly everybody was awake, running wildly about the walls and stairways of the old rookery, seeking to know where those fearful sounds had come from.

Some one cried that it was from the widow's room, and thither we rushed, and finding the door locked, we burst it open and went through in a body.

Alas! my eye, sir, it was a fearful sight that met our eyes. Near the middle of the floor lay the seemingly lifeless body of the mother, while further on, between it and the closet, the door of which was open, we saw the form of the daughter, lying in a great pool of blood that was still gushing from a horrible wound in her temple. The beautiful young face was white and rigid in death, the eyes wide open and staring fixedly at the ceiling, and the little hands tightly clasped in the last terrible agony. I lifted her from the ghastly pool in which she lay, and placing her on the bed, turned to see if there remained any traces of the assassin.

He had left a broad trail behind him, and I knew in a moment who had done the foul deed.

I have told you the closet door was open, and looking within I saw that the partition, only one brick in thickness here, had been torn away, and an entrance effected in that manner.

There could be no doubt it was the English burglar, and thus he had revenged himself upon the helpless girl who had defeated his plans and caused his imprisonment.

But, thanks to a good Providence, he was soon caught, and these old eyes saw the villain swing.

The mother revived and lingered along for a few months, and then death kindly came and took her away.

The following gem from the writings of Dickens has of late been going the rounds of the press. It was beautiful before; but the world's bereavement by the death of the author makes it sadly appropriate now:

"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or buried in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here."

"Oh! if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

## The Patriot's Daughter.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THE battle of Brandywine was over, and weary and defeated the American army had retreated to Philadelphia. More than one thousand patriots were missing, and the blood of the noble, gallant Marquis Lafayette had fructified the soil of Pennsylvania.

On the morning of the fifteenth of September, three days after the battle, a man emerged from a strip of woods in the valley of the Schuylkill. He came from the direction in which Goshen lay, where a portion of the victorious British army was encamped.

It would have been difficult to have told the age of the man, for his face was covered with perspiration, upon which dust had settled, and his hair was matted with burrs. He was hatless, and his clothes were well saturated with water. High boots reached above his knees, and added to his singular appearance.

At a glance, and perhaps a second look, one would have dubbed him a tory or a deserter; but the impression, however strong, would have been removed at his words:

"Well, the accused British haven't caught me yet! I played my cards well, and would have won had it not been for Mark Adams, the deserter. And this is the revenge he thought to take upon me! He never forgets that I had him gagged for mutiny. He should thank his star that I did not have shot, and thus rid the patriot service of a curse. He should thank me that I did not tell Mad Anthony about his case. He knew that Wayne sent me from the camp as a spy, and so he deserted to the red-coated enemy, to point me out and see me hung! I saw the devil in his eye when he entered the camp to-day, and so I left. I reckon Cornwallis will be surprised to hear that Jasper Heath, the tory, is also a patriot spy. But I must be going on. I made good time in getting here, but I know I will be pursued, for my escape has been discovered ere this. Hist!"

He dropped upon his knees and placed his ear to the ground. He remained a moment in this attitude, and then sprang to his feet.

"I was right; my escape has been discovered, and I am pursued. They are in the valley already, and doubtless Mark Adams rides with them. Oh, I would give my commission for a shot at the deserter! But my time will come yet—yes, it will."

He looked down the opposite side of the hill, and beheld an unpretentious but large farm-house.

"Yonder," he cried, as he darted down the declivity, "I will crave shelter. I do not know who lives there, nor do I care. But I know if they have hearts, be they patriots or tories, they will secrete a hunted spy. Anyhow, I will throw myself upon their mercy."

A few minutes sufficed to bring the patriot to the long porch, which extended the whole length of the house, and there he suddenly encountered a young girl. Her features paled at his sudden appearance, but she was soon self-possessed.

"Young lady!" said the spy, before she could utter a word, "I am hunted—hunted to death. I will not conceal my identity, for I believe it would be wrong. I am Major Golden, of Wayne's Legion, and a spy. I am pursued by the British, who are almost within hailing distance. I would that you permit me to secrete myself somewhere in your house. I believe that they will respect you, as you seem to be alone."

"I am alone," she answered. "Father is with Washington, and my only brother is a prisoner in the British camp. Thus far I have not been molested, and I hope to escape entirely. Of course I will shelter you from the enemy; I am proud to be of some service to my country in her hour of need. Come, major, I have a hiding-place for you."

She led the way into the house, and did not pause till she had reached her sleeping chamber.

"There," she said, pointing to the wall between the bureau and the bed, "there, major, is your hiding-place."

The spy looked at the bare wall, and turned to the girl nonplussed.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, "where is the spot?"

She smiled, and placed a chisel, which then she drew from beneath the bureau, in the spy's hands.

"You will notice there a crack in the wall," she said. "Put your chisel in it, and pry the board off. A door is there once; but father boarded it up. You are not the first American spy that the space has concealed, and you may not be the last. Now go to work, major, and I will watch the hill."

She turned and looked out the window, which commanded a good view of the hill.

Major Golden inserted the chisel between the boards designated by the patriot's daughter, and, by using a chair as a brace, soon loosened a board.

"There," he said, turning to the watcher, "I can get in now."

"Then in at once," she cried. "I see the British on the hill."

The spy hastily squeezed his body into the dark space, and the next moment the young girl had closed the opening and fastened the board in its place.

"Perfectly well, miss," answered Golden, "and, besides, I have plenty of room."

"Then keep quiet as you value your life. The British will search the house. They are descending the hill now. Good-by, major. I go to meet and entertain your enemies, and mine, too, on the porch."

She threw the chisel under the bureau, and hurried from the room. In passing through one of the rooms she snatched up a piece of unfinished work and was soon busily plying the needle on the porch. She was wonderfully calm, and not a tremor shook her frame when the British troopers dashed into the yard.

As they halted before the porch the young girl sprang to her feet with a cry of terror, just as though she had not looked beneath her long dark lashes and saw them enter the yard.

"Do not be frightened, my pretty little miss," said the commander of the troopers, laughing at the well-feigned picture of terror before him. "We are not going to hurt you in the least. A notorious rebel spy made his escape from our camp this morning, and we have tracked him here."

"Where? to our house?" cried the trooper, with surprise and indignation.

"I must say 'yes,' miss," answered the officer. "He must have taken shelter here, and the house must be searched, unless you give him up to us. By telling us his whereabouts you will be doing your king a great service, and I will see that you are rewarded. You are alone, I suppose?"

With firm step and calm demeanor Viola entered her chamber, and the troopers swarmed in after her. She did not even glance at the hiding-place of the American spy, but assisted the British to search the room.

At last the chamber was thoroughly searched, and the troopers stood motionless as if undecided what to do next.

"Well, captain," ventured Viola, "are you satisfied that no spy is concealed about the premises?"

"No!" thundered the officer, following up the word with a terrible oath. "I believe the infernal spy is somewhere in this house. We'll search the cellar, and if he ain't there we'll try the efficacy of fire. Fire will bring the rebel out."

"I hope you will not make me homeless," said Viola. "But, if the spy is not in the house he is not. You can proceed to the cellar, where I will join you after changing a dress."

The captain and his troopers exchanged significant glances, but no objection was offered to Viola's desire, and they left the room.

When the last Briton had descended the stairs, the young girl stepped to the concealed door.

"Major, are you there?"

"Yes," answered the spy. "But I will remain no longer. My presence has jeopardized your life and property; and I will surrender myself and stand the consequences."

"You will not, major," said Viola, firmly. "I shall save you yet, and escape myself. You found two pistols in your narrow prison?"

"Yes."

"They are loaded—remember. I go below into the cellar. There is some brandy there, and they must drink it. In time I will return, and together we will trap the miscreants."

She left the room, taking with her a pistol, which she took from one of the bureau drawers. Entering the cellar she discovered that the troopers had found the keg of choice brandy, and were rapidly imbibing its intoxicating contents.

Her appearance was greeted with yells, and Mark Adams shouted:

"Boys, let's hang the she rebel to a beam and make her tell where the spy is!"

His proposition was received with shouts of approval from the already half-drunken troopers, and a rope was found on a shelf.

Mark grasped it and sprang toward the patriot's daughter. The next moment he confronted a leveled pistol.

"Another step forward and you die!" she said, firmly.

His situation nearly sobered the deserter, and he suddenly paused. But shouts of decision greeted him, and with an oath, he darted forward again to receive a bullet in his brain.

At the report of the pistol every trooper sprang to his feet, and Major Golden in his little prison grasped one of the weapons.

"She is in danger," he cried, "and for me!"

The next moment he threw himself against the loose board, and found himself on the chamber floor. Springing to his feet, he darted down the steps, and, guided by drunken oaths, reached the cellar.

There was light enough to permit him to take in the scene at a glance. The infuriated troopers, headed by their leader, were bearing down upon the brave girl, who had been pushed to the wall.

"Back, demons!" cried the spy, leveling his pistol.

His command was not obeyed, and the British captain went to the ground a corpse.

Then Golden sprang forward, seized Viola in his arms and darted from the cellar. He closed the heavy door and shot the huge iron bolts into their places. Then he locked them, with the lock that was ever ready for use, and turned to Viola with a smile.

"The tables are turned," he said. "We will keep them there till I can go to Wayne and return."

He mounted a trooper's horse and rode for Wayne's camp. The British guards had joined their comrades in the cellar, and were, of course, prisoners.

Before midnight the gallant major returned with a hundred dragoons, and the British became prisoners of war.

Major Golden thanked Viola for saving his life, and when the war ended—when the eagle had vanquished the lion—he took her to his heart, and called her wife!

## The Fatal Marriage.

BY "DAISY DEAN."

MIRIAM, I see you are habited for a ride, but, tell me, ere you start, if you intend complying with my request. You have had sufficient time for consideration, and I will not brook further delay."

"Request?" sneeringly replied the girl. "Methinks your request is couched rather in the form of a command. But one alternative seems left to me, implicit obedience."

"Well, be it so. I command, then, as your legal guardian, that you accept the hand of Colonel Eldridge."

A deep flush suffused the countenance of the queenly maiden; a countenance where rose and lily blended to lend an exquisite charm to each regular feature. The dark lustrous eyes flashed with scorn, as she replied:

"Uncle, would you have me do such violence to the pure instincts of my woman's nature; remorselessly crush the true love of my heart, and give my hand to one for whom I have no feeling save utter aversion?"

"Would you, my fine lady, still prate of love for one who avoids you, and has proven his affection to be so unstable? Would you still—"

"Stop, uncle, I will hear no more on this subject. What my answer will be when Colonel Eldridge honors me by proposing in person you shall learn hereafter," and with a haughty mien Miriam left the apartment.

Miriam Dean had been left an orphan at an early age, and had been received into the family of her father's elder brother, Major Dean. A stern, though faithful guardian he had ever proved. Left with but a small fortune, this had been mostly exhausted in the necessary expenses of clothing and education, yet she had never experienced the bitter feeling of dependence. Her uncle's family, consisting of his wife and a daughter, younger than Miriam, over-treated her with the utmost kindness and affection. Thus it appeared ungrateful to thwart the wishes of her uncle in the proposed alliance with Colonel Eldridge, for which he seemed so desirous.

Being a major in the regular service, the regiment of which he was a member was, at the opening of our story, stationed at one of the frontier forts, and his family, and those of several brother-officers, had accompanied them hither.

Miriam had bestowed all the wealth of her affections upon Lieutenant Lionel Ansle of the same regiment as her uncle, and it were needless to state, this devotion was ardently returned. The youthful pair had plighted their troth, unmindful of aught save their own love. They had lingered in this state of bliss until the marked attentions of his superior officer, encouraged by Major Dean, had aroused his latent jealousy. This, as if to verify the old adage of the extreme roughness of the course of true love, had culminated in a violent lover's quarrel, which seemed to pave the way for the wealthier sutor. Major Dean had strenuously opposed the proposed union with Ansle, and now took advantage of the quarrel, to enforce his commands. Embittered by her lover's avoidance, and his seeming unmindfulness of her little womanly wiles to heal the breach, her uncle found her a more willing subject for the enforcement of his wishes as he summoned her to the conference above noted.

On leaving the room, after the bitter conversation with her uncle, she was met by a tall, handsome man with dark, piercing eyes and a high, broad brow, over which hung clustering masses of dusky hair. With eager haste he advanced to her side, exclaiming:

"Ah, Miss Dean, I see you are ready for our ride."

"Yes, Colonel Eldridge, I await your pleasure."

The dark eyes shone with a fitful gleam, and the plume which overshadowed her chestnut ringlets was not whiter than the cheek blanched in expectation of the ordeal which too surely her heart whispered awaited her. She felt that the crisis of her life had come, and in desperation wounded love would dash the cup of happiness aside. She would no longer delay the proposition she knew must come. Unflinchingly she accepted the colonel's assistance in mounting her horse. Then, springing lightly to his saddle, he soon joined her. For a time the silence was unbroken. Nature had never seemed more beautiful, clad in her verdant robes dotted with myriad daisies, with the sun beaming with softened radiance over the dreamy landscape, while countless feathered songsters warbled in joyous concert as though in mockery of a sorrowing heart, which under other and happier circumstances would have been responsive to the sweet surroundings.

The voice of Colonel Eldridge at last aroused her from her bitter reverie, and the sweet summer wind wafted to her shrinking ear words freighted with passionate devotion.

"Miriam," concluded her companion, as she steadily averted her glance, "do not turn coldly from me. Love such as mine must meet a response. Keep me no longer racked with suspense, but tell me you will be my wife."

Looking for the first time into his face, all aglow with a mighty emotion, she read there how earnest he was, and shuddered at the feelings she had evoked. Nerving herself with an effort, she answered, in quivering tones:

"Colonel Eldridge, will you accept a wife the love of whose heart has burned to ashes; who can offer so little where so much is given?"

"Miriam," he pleaded, "I only know that I love you with a love that of itself must beget a return. I can take no denial, but will trust to time to change your feelings. Only tell me you love no other."

"Colonel Eldridge, I will be frank with you. I once loved, as I can never hope to love again; but alas! my heart seems frozen, and I dare not raise hopes that can meet no fruition."

"Only say you will be mine, and I can content myself, hoping that among the ashes one spark of love exists that by untiring zeal may be fanned into an enduring flame."

"Colonel Eldridge, I will be your wife," came in desperate tones from Miriam's lips.

"Bless you for that assurance, Miriam," he replied, seizing her hand, and pressing upon it a kiss which seemed to burn the icy flesh for minutes after.

"And now, Colonel Eldridge, we must return; the ride has wearied me."

"Indeed you look so, darling," he replied, in tender tones. "Your happiness must henceforth be my constant care."

With an impatient gesture she turned her horse, and they struck off into a rapid gallop homeward. The gray stone fort soon greeted their sight, and dismounting, Miriam pleaded fatigue, and retired to her apartment, where she lingered, a prey to bitter thoughts and harrowing memories. Should she wed this man, conscience whispered; be so unjust to him as to accept a love she could never return; whose expressions of regard were even now repulsive to her? Yes, she had chosen her lot and would not retract.



THE PATRIOT'S DAUGHTER.



Colonel Eldridge hastened to apprise Major Dean of the welcome intelligence, and lingered, hoping to catch a parting glimpse of the face so dear to him.

Day after day passed; he happy in the knowledge that the peerless Miriam would soon be his own; she miserable at the near approach of the day when she would assume fetters her own hands had forged. But more miserable still was the young lieutenant, who knew that the idol at whose shrine he had knelt would soon be severed from him forever. One last appeal he made, but the tiny missive never reached its destination, as Major Dean received and committed it to the flames. Convinced of his love's faithlessness, he sought and obtained a transfer to a different scene of action. The beautiful morn, that smiled upon a frozen bride, shed its luster over a traveler stricken beneath a blow for which there seemed no healing.

A year sped by on noiseless wings and the bride had merged into the cold, emotionless wife. The husband, still fond and loving, suffered silently on, the fallacy of his hopes all too apparent. They had recently left the sheltering walls of Fort L—and were now stationed at a more remote scene. Entering her apartment the morning after their arrival, Colonel Eldridge carelessly remarked:

"I saw a mutual acquaintance a moment since."

"Well, gratify my curiosity with the name," answered Miriam.

"Lieutenant Ainslie, formerly of my regiment."

The quick pang and sudden tension of the heart-strings attested but too surely that the old love was not dead but slumbering. Her momentary emotion was not lost upon her observant husband. Seating himself beside her, his former suspicions all aroused, he said:

"Miriam, what was this man to you, the bare mention of whose name has such power to agitate you?"

"Colonel Eldridge, remember you address your wife. Seek not to lift the pall from the buried past. You accepted my hand, and I have endeavored to prove a faithful wife."

"Oh! Miriam," was wrung from his tortured heart, "can I never win your love, your confidence? Will patient waiting never reap its reward?"

"As a wife you have all the esteem in my power to bestow. I told you I had no heart to give; I was candid, and you seemed satisfied."

"Esteem is a cold word from a wife's lips. Do I not merit a warm place in your affections, Miriam? Perhaps you may have experienced pangs such as now rend my heart, but I pray heaven has averted such pain. I can blame but myself, but, oh, if you could love me," he exclaimed, as he left the room.

Left to herself, Miriam paced the floor in an agony too deep for the blessed solace of tears. A band seemed tightening over her heart, and her brain was whirling with the intensity of her emotion. Now did she fully realize the enormity of the sin she had committed. Ah! better to have braved an uncle's indignation, better to have lived singly on a cold, loveless existence, than to be bound for life with fetters that gall, that death alone has the power to un rivet! Not alone had she been unjust to herself, but to what a bitter fate had she condemned the man, who, though cold and stern to the world, yet to her had ever been most kind, tender and devoted. Vain sophistries would not serve her now. She saw the falsity of the reasonings that led to the sacrifice. Though she had striven to do her duty as a wife, yet the divine spark that makes a paradise of earth was wanting, and she read in the desolate face of her husband that it would have been greater mercy to have rejected a suit, which might have found consolation in the blessing of requited love. Ah! we press apples of Sodom to our lips, to find them turn to ashes of bitterness ere we scarce have tasted them!

Why had fate sent her youthful love again across her path, when she was striving daily to lead a better, happier life? She felt that she must not look again upon a face that her traitor heart whispered had still such potent charm for her. In that brief space of time she lived over again the happy moments of her one blissful love-dream. But in mockery, the memory of the present whispered of the sinfulness of such retrospection.

Falling upon her knees she raised her burning eyes to that God whose commands she had so ignored. No sound escaped the parched lips, but the heart sent forth a wild prayer for forgiveness and divine assistance in the atonement she had resolved upon. Redoubled attention and a semblance of affection at least, should take the place of her former coolness. Rising from her knees with a heart still heavily burdened, she sought oblivion for a time at least in a soothing anodyne. She had often sought relief from harrowing thought in this manner, and when her husband entered the apartment some hours later he found her wrapped in the blissful arms of slumber. Gazing long at the beautiful, unconscious sleeper, dark, brooding thoughts rushed through his mind, and he swore no obstacle should intervene between him and her, to gain whose love he would imperil his soul. Bending over her he imparted a kiss upon the pure, fair brow. A troubled look overspread her face, and

the delicately-chiseled lips parted, murmuring the low-whispered word, "Lionel." With a muffled cry of pain he started up. Here was confirmation of all his fears; this the reason he could gain no avenue to the frozen heart. She had willfully misrepresented her true feelings, and now fierce passions swayed him. He would throw these tender lovers together, gloat over the agony he knew they would feel; such agony as he knew from bitter experience. Even though he suffered in their sufferings, though it would but add fuel to his own consuming jealousy, yet there would be grim satisfaction in the knowledge that others felt some of the despair that sent reason tottering on its throne.

He sought the green woods, but the cooling winds brought but slight relief to the fevered brain. He lingered long in the wild forest, and at last found calmness, if not forgetfulness.

Faithful to her resolution, Miriam, feeling somewhat refreshed by her long sleep, greeted him on his return with more warmth of manner than she had ever evinced toward him. But the lurking demon, jealousy, was aroused, and the memory of that unconsciously uttered name rankled still. In her conciliatory advances he read only further evidences of continued duplicity, yet he gave no token of his altered feeling save in a studied coolness, quite foreign to his usual bearing.

Anxious to avoid a meeting with Ainslie, Miriam continued in seclusion for several days. Feeling faint from the close confinement, she one afternoon strolled a short distance from the fort, and seating herself on a moss-grown rock beneath a giant oak, overcanopied with trailing vines, gave herself up to meditation. Startled from her musings by the sound of approaching footsteps, she hastily arose and stood face to face with the man she was now most desirous of avoiding. A confused exclamation burst from their lips at the unexpected encounter. Lieutenant Ainslie was the first to regain his composure, and remarked, with some asperity:

"Excuse me, Mrs. Eldridge. Had I been aware that these sheltering vines concealed a phantom of the past, I should not have dared to intrude; fear would have lent me wings."

"You are severe, Lieutenant Ainslie," replied Miriam, a rising flush mantling her cheek. "The phantom is powerless to hurt you now."

"But not to be hurt, I think. The armor is not invincible to the dangers that lurk in these solitudes. Methinks Colonel Eldridge is not over-careful of the jewel he has won."

"You are apt at comparisons, truly! What compallibility have jewels and phantoms, pray tell me? But, *apropos* of my husband; he knows not whither 'his jewel' has strayed. It left without so much as, 'By your leave, sir!'"

"Applied to your sex the terms may be regarded as synonymous. We seek woman's love as the jewel above price, but, alas, in the search the illusion vanishes, and we find we have but chased a phantom after all."

"You seem disposed to be cynical, Lieutenant Ainslie."

"Who made me so, Miriam Eldridge? Who first destroyed my faith in woman-kind, and from a worshiper changed me to a doubter of the innocence and truth of your sex?"

"Has not woman just cause for complaint also? You win us but to toy with our affections, and cast them aside the playthings of a day. Your own coldness and indifference has made you what you are."

"Cold and indifferent? Never to you, Miriam. You seemed happy in your choice."

"Happy! Happiness and I shook hands in parting months ago, Lieutenant Ainslie."

"Miriam," he replied, a sudden thought striking him, "why did you not reply to the note I sent you some time previous to your marriage?"

"I received no note," replied Miriam.

"Can it be your uncle destroyed it? My messenger unfortunately gave it to him. In it I implored your forgiveness and petitioned for a renewal of our troth."

"Oh, the treachery of my uncle! He commanded me to marry Colonel Eldridge, and this, added to your seeming coldness, caused me to yield at last," groaned Miriam.

"Miriam, Miriam, what happiness might have been ours! I have striven to tear your image from my heart, but one glimpse of your beautiful face has revived the love of bygone years. But I forget, I address another's wife."

"Oh, Lionel, what fate led me hither? How miserably I have failed in my duty to my devoted husband. I must endeavor to make some amends. I will ask him to let me return to my old home in N—.

With God's help I will endeavor to repay some of the kindness he has lavished upon me. Farewell, I must not see you again."

"It is madness, Miriam, to know that you loved me even while taking vows that bound you to another. One last boon I crave, and then back to cold, stern duty."

Seizing her in his arms he pressed one last lingering kiss upon her lips.

A hoarse, wild laugh rung out on the still summer air. A startled glance showed the hitherto calm face of Colonel Eldridge, transformed into that of a mocking demon.

"Pray proceed, do not let me interrupt so striking a tableau, and I will enact the missing part of an audience, or is this only a private rehearsal?" he sneeringly said.

Falling at his feet Miriam plead in frantic tones for forgiveness.

"Indeed, Henry, we meant no wrong. Forgive, for I have suffered so much!"

"My sufferings are accounted as nothing, I suppose. Rise, madam. I wish no more scenes. You have drained to the dregs the bitter cup you held to my lips, and the knowledge is balm to my torn heart. But you, sir," he shrieked, turning to Ainslie, "rest assured I shall never forgive the insult offered me."

With a mocking bow he offered his arm to his trembling wife, remarking:

"Come, madam, I will escort you home, as I do not trust you alone."

"Hear me one moment, Colonel Eldridge," interposed Ainslie.

"No, sir, you shall hear from me hereafter."

With tottering steps Miriam followed her husband. Silently he led her to the fort, and left her at the door of her apartment. The chilling glare of his eye cast a foreboding gloom over her heart. He proceeded to the quarters of a familiar friend, where he remained until a late hour.

Lieutenant Ainslie, pacing his quarters, a prey to the keenest remorse for having inadvertently brought this new trouble upon her he would have died to save, was at last aroused by a messenger who handed him a folded paper, which, on glancing over, he found to be a challenge to mortal combat from Colonel Eldridge. He pondered long over its contents, but finally sent an acceptance, though bitterly averse to this falsely-styled "Code of Honor."

Summoning two staunch, tried friends, who agreed to act as seconds, they met those of Colonel Eldridge, and arranged the preliminaries. Pistols were the chosen weapons, and the combat was to take place outside the precincts of the garrison at five o'clock the next morning.

The gloom that so oppressed Miriam's spirits deepened as night approached and her husband did not return. A tireless vigil she kept as darkness crept on apace, and at last gave place to the first streak of gray light in the east. Finally, a little after four, he entered, looking pale and haggard. Advancing toward her, he raised her in his arms, and rained a shower of kisses over her cheek and brow and pallid lips. Then seizing her face in his hands, he gazed long and earnestly in the beautiful eyes, as though he would impress each loved lineament upon his heart forever. Pressing one last kiss upon her lips, he abruptly turned, saying in dreary tones:

"Miriam, too fondly loved, forgive," and was gone.

"Oh, my husband, come back to me. I will, I must love you!" shrieked Miriam, and fell fainting to the floor. He heard her not but strode on to the appointed place of meeting, where he was soon joined by the other actors in the sanguinary drama about to be enacted.

The two combatants stood facing each other, the distance had been paced off, and now the fatal words rolled out, and the report of arms broke the quiet of the morning air. Lieutenant Ainslie's pistol had been pointed wide of its mark. He would not deliberately take a fellow creature's life, even though his own should pay the forfeit. But the unerring ball of his opponent found a sure lodgment in the generous heart of young Ainslie, and he fell to the earth, his lifeblood dying the green turf around.

The surgeon sprang to his side, while the others grouped around, but were startled by a shrill, piercing shriek and the appearance of the white-robed figure of Miriam, who, on reviving from her faintness, had rushed into in search of her husband, whose strange conduct had alarmed her. Some of the soldiers indicated the direction in which he had gone. The scene which met her appalled gaze caused the shriek which aroused the party around the fallen man. Falling on her knees beside the inanimate form, with clasped hands and cheeks like the pale snow-drift, she wailed forth:

"Dead, dead! Oh, Henry, not by your hand? Surely I have not made my husband a murderer." Appalled by the ominous silence, she started up, exclaiming: "Oh, pitying Heaven, hadst thou no mercy?" and fell forward upon the prostrate form, a bright crimson stream welling from her parted lips.

"Look to your wife, Eldridge," exclaimed Doctor Hardy, as he sprang to her side. "My God, this is dreadful!"

Colonel Eldridge seized her cold hands, moaning:

"Miriam, dear Miriam, speak to me I implore you. Open your beautiful eyes, darling, and tell me you do not utterly hate me for this."

The snowy lids slowly lifted, revealing the liquid orbs beneath.

"Henry," she gasped, in faint tones, "forgive your poor Miriam. I feel that I am going; raise me in your arms," and, as she spoke, a quick gush of blood issued forth, and her head fell back upon her husband's shoulder.

"She has ruptured a blood-vessel," spoke Doctor Hardy, "and I fear we can do nothing for her."

"Oh, God, save my Miriam, spare my beautiful darling! Hardy, tell me she will not die!" groaned Eldridge. But, even as

he spoke, the film of death glazed the bright, dark eye, and gray shadows stole over the face where lingered such unearthly beauty. Silently the King of Terrors approached, and the weary heart found rest forever.

Taking the lovely form from the arms that held it in such wild embrace, Doctor Hardy gently laid it by the side of the fallen man.

Eldridge mechanically arose like one in a dream, and suffered himself to be led away; but the fitful light of insanity gleamed from his eyes, and on the morrow, when the earth received his loved one forever, with one long, wailing cry, the overburdened mind gave way, and in a private asylum for the insane he died some months later.

By the side of his Miriam he sleeps in death's long repose, while a third green mound marks the spot where, in dreamless slumber, the young lieutenant rests.

## A Woman's Vengeance.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

To be caught "out of sight of land" on a burning prairie, with the wind driving full on; to find yourself in front of a herd of charging buffaloes, whose solid front stretches away on either hand as far as the eye can reach; to be surrounded by a yelling, screeching war-party of savages, keen for blood and scalps, and no reasonable hope or chance of escape; to be cooped up with a grizzly, after his winter's nap, in a narrow cavern, are, and all who have any knowledge of the situations will admit it, very trying on the nerves, to say the least of it.

Well, in the course of a life of twenty years on the border, I have been subjected to all these, and yet live, remembering them only as incidents of stirring adventure, good to be related by the evening camp-fire. But there is a circumstance connected with a score of years experience, an adventure if you please, before which, for downright, absolute horror, these other things that I have enumerated pale into utter insignificance, and the remembrance of which is never recalled without a shudder of terror.

This is how it happened.

It was during the occupation of Vera Cruz by the United States troops, and but a short time after its fall, that I was in company with Captain H—, of the Kentucky rifles, passing along one of the side streets that opened into the Grand Plaza, when suddenly a man wrapped in a gorgeous serape which muffled his face up to the eyes, stepped from a doorway, and placing a tiny note in my hand, disappeared round the corner before either of us could speak.

We had been in the city but little over a fortnight, and hence were acquainted with but few of the inhabitants, ladies especially, and consequently both of us were much surprised at so unlooked-for an occurrence, especially as we saw the *billet* was undoubtedly from one of the gentler sex. It was directed in a beautifully fine handwriting, and emitted a faint though delicious perfume.

My name was fully and correctly indorsed upon the back, so that there could be no mistake. It was for me and no one else. I hastily broke the dainty seal of pearl-colored wax, and read as follows, in Spanish:

"SEÑOR—Should you care to see and know one who feels for you the deepest interest and friendship, meet the bearer of this note this evening, at eight o'clock, at the south-western entrance to the Grand Plaza, and follow where he will conduct you."

Signed, CLARITA.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed H—, "a regular adventure, by Jove!"

"More like a plan to cut my throat and pillage my purse," said I.

"Perhaps, but at any rate it's worth a trial," replied H—, "who was as full of dare-devil courage as a man well could be."

"Will you go?" he continued.

"Certainly not," I answered. "I know no lady in this city, and—"

"That's just it, you see," he interrupted.

"She don't know you, but evidently wants to. She's seen you through those confounded lattice-work they have over all their doors and windows here."

"I care not, I won't go," I said, determinedly.

"Good! let me go and play your hand," exclaimed my friend, eagerly.

Of course the moment I found he was really in earnest in his desire to undertake the adventure, I began to entertain the idea of going myself. It is always the case, and the harder he insisted the more stubborn I grew, and finally ended by declaring my intention of attending the *rendezvous*.

"There may be danger in it," said H—, thoughtfully; "these Mexicans have such a devilish way of slipping a knife into one's back. I shall stand guard a little way off, and if you are beset, you can sing out and I'll come to the rescue with reinforcements. Shall I?"

"You may be right," I replied. "It will do no harm, but be careful, H—, and not be seen, or it might spoil all."

The clock was striking eight as I halted on the corner of the street specified in the note, and instantly a man, the same, I judged, who had delivered the message, stepped to my side and said:

"Is the señor ready to follow?"

"Where do you wish me to go?" I asked, suspiciously, desiring to ascertain if this was really the man I sought.

"The Señora Clarita is waiting," he replied, significantly.

"Lead on; I will follow you," I said, and the Mexican started across the square at a rapid gait, in the direction of the northern entrance, opposite to the one where we had met.

For five or ten minutes the man continued walking down a narrow though handsome street that branched off from the square, and finally stopped in front of a large, double house, around which ran a high wall, evidently inclosing a park or garden, as I could see the foliage of trees, within, and hear the singing of many birds.

The place was evidently the abode of people of the highest class, and even from the outside presented all the indications of wealth and prosperity.

Motioning me to remain quiet, the Mexican approached the wall and tapped gently upon what proved to be a concealed wicket, as it immediately opened and admitted us within.

As I had supposed, the interior proved to be a large and exquisitely-laid-out garden, abounding in gorgeous flowers, shrubs and ornamental trees, amid which were fluttering the birds I had heard from the outside.

Here I had not long to wait.

My conductor, who had disappeared for a moment, returned and beckoned me to again follow, which I did, he leading the way into a low, arched entrance beneath a broad flight of steps that led to the balcony above.

With my hand upon the butt of my revolver, and every sense on the alert to guard against surprise or attack, I kept close behind the fellow, and at length emerged from the gloom of the narrow passage into the full light of a brilliantly-illuminated and handsomely-furnished apartment up-stairs.

Here I was left alone, and the door closed upon me. How long I remained thus I do not know, for I immediately fell into a fit of musing upon the strangeness of the adventure, and noted not the flight of time.

But I was presently aroused to full consciousness by the sharp click of a lock, and glancing hastily up, I saw a sliding panel in the wall pushed back, while through the aperture thus made there stepped forth a tall, graceful figure, robed in the deepest black and heavily veiled.

I was considerably startled by this apparition, but took care not to evince it, and so remained quietly standing until the mysterious visitor should speak. This she immediately did.

With a singularly sweet and melodious voice, and in English, which she spoke perfectly, she addressed me:

"You were, no doubt, señor, surprised at receiving a communication from so entire a stranger."

I hastened to assure her that the only feeling I experienced was that of happiness—and would she be kind enough to state the object of the interview?

"That you shall soon know, sir," she said, quietly taking a chair, and then suddenly lifting her veil, she turned her face full upon me.

Never shall I forget that face. If one of the jagged copper balls that these people shoot from their miserable *escopets* had struck me full in the chest, I could not have been more completely stunned than I was on beholding the countenance exposed by lifting that heavy veil. It was the face of a corpse, deathly, ghastly white and sunken, with lips drawn tightly across the teeth that seemed to project outward, and great, dark circles beneath the eyes that burned within their hollow sockets.

They were wild, lurid eyes, such as one sees looking out from grated doors in the cells of a mad-house; dry, fearless eyes, from which the fountains seemed to have been exhausted or extinguished by the unquenchable fires of a great grief.

I shuddered as I gazed into their awful depths, and starting backward, involuntarily dropped my hand to the weapon that hung at my side.

A mournful smile swept over her pale face as she noticed the movement.

"Yes, draw the weapon that has already slain my heart, and with it kill what is remaining of my body. Why do you hesitate?" she said.

Ashamed of giving way thus I began to apologize, when she interrupted me by rising to her feet and approaching where I stood.

A change, as sudden as it was awful, came over her face.

A spasm of maniacal rage, savage vindictiveness and anticipated triumph, convulsed her features as she advanced.

"Listen to me," she said, her voice ringing sharp and clear as a bell, and her eyes flashing with additional light. "Listen to me. You came hither with your heart filled with triumph at the thought of meeting a woman who would lavish upon you the wealth of a new-born love! I came to meet you that I might satisfy the cravings of a great revenge; a revenge that is gnawing at my heart like a vulture feeding upon the slain of your battlefields; a revenge that an hundred such lives as yours could not satisfy. Oh! you start and grow pale! I have grown pale, too, and weary of life, for you and yours have taken from me all that made life joyous."



You killed him, you and your bandit crew, and I have sworn that you shall die as well."

Here was a pretty ending to my love affair. I do believe that at this moment I was selfish enough to have wished that H— had persuaded me to let him come in my stead. There was no mistaking the terrible earnestness of this woman. She was mad, a raving maniac, not the shadow of a doubt of it, and here was I, beguiled by a false hope, or rather by my love of adventure, completely in her power.

I could not shoot her down, for she was a woman, and yet I knew my life hung upon a mere thread. I knew if I attempted to escape by a bold rush I should be overpowered and perhaps slain on the spot. What was I to do?

She evidently read what was passing through my mind, and the scowl grew darker on her face.

"You think to escape me. So did the other. Look!"

I involuntarily glanced in the direction indicated by her outstretched arm, and at the same instant I was seized from behind, my arms pinioned by a powerful grasp, and hurled with stunning force to the floor.

I struggled as only a man can who fights for life, but uselessly. In less time than it takes to write it, I was securely bound hand and foot.

"Away with him to the place where the other awaits him!" screamed the woman—I had almost said she-devil—and as I was lifted and borne from the room my ears were saluted by a shrill burst of maniacal laughter that actually froze the blood in my veins.

I was conveyed down two or three short flights of stairs; I heard the rattling of chains and the grating of heavy bolts shot back in their sockets, and then I was rudely thrown upon a damp floor, the door swung to with a dull clash, and I was alone amid almost Egyptian darkness.

I will not dwell upon my sufferings while in this living tomb, the atmosphere of which was reeking with so foul a stench that to breathe was actual labor.

I dared not explore its extent, for I feared a realization of my fears.

"To the place where the other awaits him," was what she had said, and these words were terribly significant.

And so, it seemed to me for days, I lay where I had fallen, utterly bereft of all hope, waiting for death to release me from that fearful prison-house. Nature could not long withstand such a strain, mentally and physically, and at length a happy unconsciousness came to my relief.

I returned to life with a vague sense of impending calamity—and with a dull, heavy sound ringing in my ears.

Again and again I heard it, and presently there seemed to mingle with it the shouts of men and the crash of firearms.

Fully awake now, I managed to roll myself to the door, and there I listened with strained senses to catch a repetition of the sounds.

There was no mistaking them. They were the blows of heavy hammers, the shouts of men, and the reports of musketry.

They came nearer and nearer, and presently I heard the din of many voices shouting, cursing and yelling like demons, outside the door of my cell.

The massive door long withstood the sledges, even though they were plied by willing arms, but at last it gave way with a crash, and H—, at the head of a squad of my own boys, rushed into the noisome place.

They almost recoiled from the fearful stench, but I was quickly gotten out and carried up-stairs, and from thence to my own quarters, where, after a long illness, I eventually recovered from that terrible experience.

H— had watched me as I followed the guide, but had not been able to ascertain the exact house into which I had gone. They had searched several before reaching me, and hence the delay.

In the cell they found the decomposed remains of an officer, but the features were so much decomposed, that identification was impossible. He was, however, finally traced, having disappeared ten days previous to my adventure.

It seemed that the woman's lover had been killed in one of the engagements, and the loss had driven her crazy, her sole idea being to revenge his death. Her servants, all Mexicans, were willing tools, only too glad of an opportunity to slay an American.

You may rest assured, kind reader, that I accepted no more such invitations.

## Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORÊT.

NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

HAD I consulted my own tastes, I should certainly have made myself a goodly rampart, have planted it with guns, and trusted to pure physical force for my defense. But it would have taken one man seven years of hard and incessant work to have achieved any thing like the work I intended, so I had to be more moderate in my ideas.

My stakes and transplanted trees had

progressed so much that it was a sight to behold. They had shot upward and sideways until they had become a tangled mass, and it was quite a task for me, every time I had been absent a little while, to cut myself a path by which to enter my retreat.

What more there was to be done I scarcely knew; but that something additional, in case of a furious onslaught, should be provided, seemed quite necessary—so, having thought on the matter a long time, the following plan was adopted. The great danger lay in the discovery of my pathway. That once in the hands of an enemy, any number might force their way in. As Pablina had done so once, it might be done again.

To obviate this, a number of good stout young trees were cut down, the branches roughly lopped off, and planted firmly with cross-beams on each side of the entrance. From one of these a heavy gate of bars was suspended and securely fastened, so as not to be opened from the outside. This, at all events, guarded against surprise, which was one of those things chiefly to be feared.

This having been executed to my complete satisfaction, my guns were all taken down, and a stout frame having been made, they were laid at about three feet from the ground, in a way to point all at the gate. But, as in the rainy season they would be spoiled, I had to erect over them a stout and slanting roof, while their muzzles were corked and their pans covered by a piece of skin securely tied down.

Had this been omitted, they would soon have been utterly spoiled, for rain in these latitudes is a very different thing from rain in England. First, you have a few passing showers, then these showers become more frequent and more copious until it pours torrents. The fall of water on my island was wild, like every thing else. During six months in the year the north wind blows incessantly, driving over dense masses of clouds, which sweep heavily over the earth, darkening the sky, and preceded in their course by dreadful peals of thunder. On reaching the higher lands a rapid condensation takes place, which destroys the equilibrium, and a veritable deluge ensues.

In a few moments, cataracts rush from the mountain heights, the smallest rivulets are turned into torrents, and the rivers, overflowing their banks, cover the plains; this will last for a considerable time, during which to go forth is impossible. The natives of some parts of Africa abstain from lighting fires during this period, and even go without food, rather than come into the open air.

The more surely to guard my guns, I made the thatch and boughs very low and projecting, while a little rill leading to my pond carried off the water at once. My next task was, for me, not an easy one. I required a ladder, by which secretly to leave my retreat, and reconnoiter, in case of a siege. This was very laborious, and when finished was not very handsome, but it served the purpose for which it was made.

Now I thought that I was a match for any number of naked savages who might venture to attack me. But there still remained the dangers of a long siege. They might find traces of me, and, unable to discover my actual abode, might wander about the island and render close concealment necessary. It is true, I had ample store of water, I had my grain and dry vegetables, but I wanted animal food.

A spot under the cliff, in which my cave was hidden, raised an idea in my head. On the other side of the pool from that which I occupied was a space about seven or eight feet wide between the palm trees and the rock, where scarcely any thing but grass grew. It ran back seventy to eighty feet, while the lower part of the palm trees were so dense with shrubs, that with a very little addition it could be made impenetrable.

Here I proposed to place a gazelle or two, and as many fowls as I could, there being ample food for them by only scratching the ground, and by picking up seed and vermin, which abounded in this humid spot.

But though I had the gazelles, the other creatures had to be found. I had seen nothing resembling the home hen, but it mattered little to me what they were so that they laid eggs. As to ostriches, it was out of the question.

It became necessary, in order to obtain a supply, to go on a voyage of discovery, which I was very loth to do, being in constant fear of the savages, whom I imagined to be roaming, like fierce lions, about the place, in search of whom they might devour. Cannibalism is a thing so horrid that it is not pleasant to talk about, but it is, nevertheless, one of those things which should be known, that we may be more fully aware of the blessings of civilization.

This horrible propensity, of which my first idea, when a boy, was conveyed to me by the story of the ghoul in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," is common in many places, but generally among nations which have suffered intense privations. It then grows upon them, and the taste can not be shaken off. On this point my readers will pardon me if I digress so far as to tell a story which lives in my memory, though I can not recollect in what book of travels I read it, or to which exact tribe it refers.

There was, some years ago, say in the beginning of the century in which I write, a tribe of harmless and happy African savages, neither negroes nor Arabs, but probably a mixture of both. They were very happy. They had green pastures and steep hills, where the warriors and chiefs hunted the elk, the gun, and the wild boar; they had pleasant streams, whence they drew an ample supply of fish.

They were not a warlike or a savage race, but quite contented with their lot; living to eat, drink, marry, and give in marriage, until death took them away to the happy land; like a great many other people would be if only let alone by those terrible butchers of men called conquerors.

But ambition, unfortunately, is not wholly confined to civilized lands, so that this quiet and peaceful community was not left long in the enjoyment of happy hours. They were governed by a good king or chief, who cultivated, as far as in him lay, the arts of peace, and who tried to make his people a settled, instead of a nomadic nation.

Then came news that a great chief, who lived beyond the Mountains of the Moon, was about to subdue all the nations of the earth; that is, all the tribes that came within his ken. They would have defended themselves, but they could not learn to fight in a day; which is a warning to nations, and disposes at once of the doctrine of peaceful Quakerism. They could not fly, for their enemies were on them.

Then this great chief, having conquered them almost without a struggle, did what other great chiefs in more civilized lands have done before—placed a lieutenant of his own over them, who also, like many other servants—overseers of slaves, to wit—was more cruel than his master. But he was very brave, which was something; but then he kept the people under a yoke of iron, so that they could scarcely call their souls their own.

But he was, I have said, cruel, and he subdued them and held them firmly in subjection, by putting to death, impaling, and poisoning without mercy any one who would not submit to his authority. But even his own followers wearied of his tyranny, and many of them, leaguering themselves with the oppressed, secretly withdrew from his yoke, and fled to the hills.

But he, too, having escaped the yoke of a tyrant, became a tyrant himself, and fought with the tribes which lived in his neighborhood; being again a terror to his weaker and more peaceful neighbors. From that moment the land became the scene of continual and unrelenting slaughter; no one feeling the curse of war more than those very tribes who wished to live in peace.

This state of things lasted many years, the fields remained uncultivated, and the horrors of famine were added to the already fearful horrors of war. Several tribes were utterly destroyed by this fearful and two-fold scourge. The same has been nearly the case in more civilized communities. The ties of friendship and consanguinity were soon wholly forgotten. Every one lived for himself alone. All gave themselves up to murder and pillage.

Then associations of cannibals were formed in the most inaccessible mountains—associations which, knowing no longer any distinction of race, tribe, or party, went forth prowling everywhere in search of their wretched victims. Years after, travelers visited these caves in which the wretches lived. The tradition, fortunately, only remained.

The ground was literally strewn with half-rotted skulls, shoulder-blades and broken bones. There were large red spots still perceptible in the most retired parts of these dens, where the flesh was deposited; the blood had penetrated so deep into the rock that the trace of it never can be effaced unto the end of time.

Nearly all the chiefs and influential men in the country were carried away by the terrible tide of war. But one able and observant chief contrived to breast the stream. He was a clever and a cunning man, endowed with remarkable strength of character, and knew effectually how to resist and to yield at the right moment. He made himself allies, even among his enemies; set others of his enemies by the ears; and showed himself generally a diplomatist as well as an able ruler.

So, finding he had a following large enough, he retreated to the top of a mountain, where, in a huge cavity of the rocks, he was safe from surprise. He had a tolerably good supply of flocks and herds, and labored hard to procure more. Soon many began to rally round him in the valley below. His power grew great, and in order to insure the gathering together of all his people, he restored tranquillity as much as possible, and determined to suppress cannibalism.

He had to contend against the anti-cannibals, who wanted to slay them all without mercy, and against the cannibals, who were wedded to their habits. He foresaw a civil war to which that of the big-endians and the little-endians was as nothing. It would have depopulated a land which was already destitute of inhabitants. He was also fully aware that cannibalism, being neither a tenet of religion, a national custom, nor a tradition, must be repugnant to most of those who indulged in it.

But just then there occurred an event which almost shook his faith. The wife of a chief was carried away by the cannibals; but as there was a move in the right direc-

tion, the cannibals offered to take a ransom of six oxen. The chief, who was very fond of his wife, at once acquiesced. He, however, thought it wise not to venture in that direction himself, but deputed some young men to perform the task.

They started early in the morning, and soon reached the spot they were in search of. The cannibals had taken up their abode in a vast and immense cavern, which was protected from approach by thorny bushes and fallen pieces of rock. The ambassadors entered into conversation with some women who were returning from the fields, bearing baskets of roots upon their heads. They told the envoys that the young woman they desired to restore to her family was still living, and added that the oxen would be willingly taken in exchange. These words gave them some courage.

Their next step was to climb the steep ascent which led to the entrance of the cave inhabited by the Anthropophagi. But no sooner did they reach the entrance of the cave than the envoy and his friends felt their legs begin to tremble beneath them, while a thrill of horror and disgust ran through their veins. Nothing was to be seen but skulls and broken bones. A woman was near the threshold cooking; she lifted a pot to stir the contents, and they saw a human hand.

They turned away after hearing that the men had gone out hunting. They soon had good cause to know what this meant, as they soon came in—a horrid and hideous crew, armed with clubs and javelins, and driving a captive before them with loud shouts of "Wah! wah!" The prisoner was a tall, well-formed and handsome young man, who entered before them with a firm and calm step, and most contemptuous expression of countenance. No red Indian at the stake could have shown more fortitude.

He sat down in the corner of the cave, and looked on with an air of the most perfect indifference, only listening with a satisfied air to the narrative of the envoy. While this was being told, one or two of the wretches approached and strangled the unfortunate youth, who made no struggle.

The envoy turned away with horror, and having, with much praying, obtained the exchange, went away, glad to leave the place, the cannibal remarking that he had done him a great favor, as one young woman was worth far more than six oxen. But the upshot of this adventure shows the force of habit. The chief was delighted to see his wife; but she soon escaped from him, and returned of her own accord to the den from which she had been rescued. She had made friends there, and had acquired a taste for human flesh.

Now, this exasperated the people so much that they could scarcely be restrained from rising up and annihilating the whole set. But the wise king refused, and said that man-eaters were living sepulchers, and that no one could fight with sepulchers. These words being repeated to the wretches, they saw a way to pardon, and gave up their evil practices. The prevalence of the crime may be guessed when I add that some few years after there were thirty or forty villages peopled by ex-cannibals.

Still, strangely as this story ends, in Borneo, in Africa, and other places, cannibals still exist.

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A few Advertisements will be inserted in this column at the rate of twenty-five cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

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## SUMMER DAYS ARE O'ER.

BY LUCIUS C. GREENWOOD, JR.

A moaning comes from the seas,  
Tis the voice of each wild surge;  
A wail is borne on each breeze,  
Forming a sad, plaintive dirge.

For the summer days are o'er,  
The pines give a mournful sigh,  
Which a human heart can thrill;  
And breezes come sweeping by,  
Which a tear in vain would still.

For the summer days are o'er,  
The soft gurgling of the rill,  
Is from its clear liquid tongue;  
Ever echoed from the hill,  
Are the songs, it long has sung.

Of the summer days now by,  
In the twilight hour, the shades  
Wear a heavy gloom, which says,  
That the birds have flown from glades,  
And gone are the brightest days.

For the summer days are o'er,  
The leaves give a rustling sound;  
From the boughs they drop away,  
As the breezes blow them round,  
A requiem they softly play.

For the summer days are o'er,  
Farewell, summer days, farewell!  
With thee, all our joys have flown;  
And sadness each heart doth swell;  
The winds may wail and seas may moan.

For the summer days are o'er.

## Hung by Mistake.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but in praise;  
Green he the turf above him,  
Friend of my better days!

It is seldom that an innocent man is hung;  
but Carl Rutger was executed for a crime of which he was as innocent as the babe unborn. Upon this startling declaration hangs a story which I am about to relate—I who stood by Carl in the trying hour, and proved him guiltless of murder when it was too late.

Carl Rutger was a native of Bavaria, and I doubt not that his brothers—who, thank God, know naught of his tragic and disgraceful end—have followed Prussia's eagles to victory on French soil the current year. I encountered him in New York in 1855, and that night, over sparkling goblets, we forged a chain of friendship whose golden links were soon to be broken by death.

He was an artist, and so was I. But there was a difference in our occupations: I drew and wrote; he merely drew. Our friendship soon ripened into brotherly love, and we united our fortunes. One day we bade adieu to the great metropolis, having jointly agreed to furnish some illustrated sketches for a popular magazine. We had nearly completed a tour of Pennsylvania when we reached a picturesque county seat of a not very populous county, where we soon decided to settle and inaugurate our labors.

We took a pretty room in the only hotel the town afforded, and soon made a host of friends. For several weeks every thing went along swimmingly—I writing up town life, and Carl sketching its striking features. A few days after the circuit court closed its spring session, I received an invitation to spend a day with His Honor Judge Markham, who resided near fourteen miles from Loganton, our temporary dwelling place.

Quite early in the morning I left Carl Rutger in bed, and entered the judge's carriage, which stood before the door of the hotel. I spent a great day with the judge, and the hour of my departure was ushered in by almost deafening thunder and a deluging rain.

"You will certainly remain over night, Mark," said the judge. "Carl will not look for you in such a storm, for I am sure that it came from Loganton."

For a moment I surveyed the work of the elements, and concluded to remain with my friend till morning.

All that night the storm raged with indescribable fury, and when I awoke it was still raining. Nevertheless I determined to return to Loganton immediately after breakfast. The judge reluctantly consented to my departure, and while we were at the table I heard my name called by somebody before the door. Wondering who the caller could be, I hurried to the front porch and confronted Dudley Carr, a warm friend of Carl and myself.

I advanced to meet him, and he sadly leaned forward in the saddle and grasped my hand.

"What is the matter, Dudley?" I asked, noticing the sad expression his countenance wore.

"Matter enough, Mark," was the reply. "We had a murder in Loganton last night."

As he uttered the last startling sentence, I knew a deathly pallor overspread my face. I felt its coldness, and grasped the bridle convulsively.

"A murder?" I echoed. "Is Carl—Carl—"

"I broke down, utterly unable to complete the terrible sentence."

"No, Mark, Carl is not killed; but he is arrested for murder."

I sprang from my friend and bounded into the judge's house. I encountered Mr. Markham in the hall.

"A horse! a horse!" I cried. "My life for a horse!"

He was about to question me, but I interrupted him.

"Not now, judge, not now," said I. "Give me a horse; you will learn all soon enough."

He bade me take his fleetest animal, and in an indescribably short space of time I was astride of Olypsso, his favorite, and riding like a comet toward Loganton, with Dudley at my side.

I did not question him during the ride; but when I reached the little county town I soon learned the particulars of a murder of the darkest character, for which Carl Rutger stood arrested and accused.

The man who had been hurried into eternity by the assassin's knife was Harcourt Graham, the oldest and most exemplary citizen of the place. He was a widower, with one child, a very beautiful daughter, aged eighteen. To Ada Graham Carl Rutger had been paying his addresses for a fortnight, and upon the night of the crime he had asked her hand of her father, but had met with a refusal couched in many a harsh word. Carl left the house in ill humor, and, according to his sworn statement, immediately sought his couch, to awake an hour after dawn, the sheriff's prisoner.

He found himself charged with the murder of Mr. Graham.

Blood was found on his clothes; but Carl showed a finger which he had cut on a broken glass before retiring. He declared that he bore the murdered man no ill-will—that he had intended to respect his decision regarding Ada's hand, trusting that he would reverse it in the future.

But, he was not believed, and I had an interview with him in the county jail. I believed his story, and did all that I could for him on the exciting trial that occupied seven whole days. I spent my entire means to procure talent to defend him; but it had no effect upon a prejudiced jury. The evidence against Carl was merely circumstantial, and upon it he was declared guilty, and condemned to be hung.

When the verdict was announced I pushed my way through the throng, and placed myself at Carl's side.

"Fellow-citizens," I shouted, "Carl Rutger is innocent of the great crime for which he has been condemned. Where is your proof? you would ask. Alas! I have none; but I swear before God, the creator, and you the creature, that he is guiltless—that Harcourt Graham's blood does not stain his soul. Some day I will prove his innocence to your satisfaction—I will make those twelve men a set of murderers, to be conscience-driven to a miserable grave. I will do it, so help me God, in heaven!"

It was a fearful oath, and I saw the faces of the jurors pale beneath my flashing eyes.

I followed poor Carl to the jail, where I left him to petition the Governor for a pardon. I found and left his excellency—who chanced to be Harcourt Graham's nephew—immovable, and returned to Loganton. Then I bent my energies to the task of discovering the real murderer, and I labored till the night preceding Carl's execution without success. That night I was permitted to spend with my doomed friend, and the next morning I parted from him in the jail. I would not see him hung.

"I would be buried in the new cemetery here, Mark," he said, speaking low, just before he stepped into the wagon which was to convey him to the place of execution—the old jail-yard. "There I want to sleep till the resurrection. I need not tell you, for the last time, that I am innocent. You believe that I am. But, Mark, I have a single request to make ere we part to meet on earth no more. For three nights after my burial watch my grave."

"What do you fear, Carl?" I asked, surprised at his strange request.

"Fear!" he said, "I fear many things; but not death. You know that, next to my heart, I wear a locket, presented to me by the queen of my native country for saving the life of her son, the crown-prince. Do not remove the keepsake from royal hands; but bury it with me. It is known that I wear the costly souvenir, and some one may want to despoil my corpse of it. Therefore, Mark, I would that you watch my grave for three nights."

"I will do it, Carl," I cried, "and if the despoiler invades the solitude of the tomb he shall die!"

Carl tried to smile, then sprang into the wagon, and I saw him driven away.

An hour later, Carl Rutger's corpse was placed in my possession, and, with the permission of the authorities, I interred it in the cemetery, and placed a white wooden cross at the head of his final resting-place. Oh, what pangs it cost my poor heart to leave him in the narrow grave—a hanging man. But, thank my God, I felt him innocent—a something away down in the depths of my heart told me that he was guiltless, and again, over his grave, I swore to bring the murderer of Harcourt Graham to light, and wipe the foul crime from Carl's name.

When evening came on that fatal day, I went to the now lonely home of beautiful, but sad Ada Graham. She truly loved Carl Rutger, and believed him innocent of the murder of her father. She was horrified to learn that the terrible sentence had been executed, and that her evidence, unwillingly given, had produced a great effect upon the minds of the jury. Already words of love had been breathed in her ear by one who respected not the sorrow which almost broke her poor, weak heart. Wilfred Stafford, the only child of the wealthiest man in Loganton, had asked her for a love she could not grant—a love that was buried in Carl Rutger's grave.

So deeply was I interested with my dead friend's lover, that I did not note the hours that waned, and when I glanced at the clock, that twinkled away above my head, I was astonished to behold the hands covering nine.

"Nine o'clock!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet, as I suddenly recollected the vigil I had promised to keep over Carl Rutger's grave. "I have an appointment. May I come again, Miss Graham?"

"Come often," she said, following me to the steps. "Yes, come often. You are Carl's friend, and here you are always welcome. I am very sad and lonely. The minutes are hours now."

I stepped into the street and hurried through the town, and entered the church-

yard in its environs. Behind the house of God, and in a cemetery where, as yet, very few slept the long sleep, lay the "friend of my better days." The night was quite dark; but I knew where the white cross stood, ghastly in the gloom, and I stepped into the silent necropolis.

Suddenly I beheld a light, as that given by a circular lantern, far ahead of me. I knew that it was near, if not at, Carl Rutger's grave.

"The ghoul is at his ghastly work!" I cried, darting forward.

I ran to within a short distance of the spot, when I paused, and beheld a man wrenching the lid from Carl's coffin! The lantern sat on the ground near the grave, and threw a weird light upon the despoiler of the dead. His face was turned from me, and his form proclaimed him a modern Hercules. But what cared I for that? He was disturbing Carl Rutger's rest, and the thought seemed to turn my already heated blood to molten lava.

I wanted to see the features of the villain, and, therefore, I turned to the left and soon found myself in front of him. He had wrenched the lid from the coffin, and it lay on the ground near the lantern. I wanted him to nearly complete his work before I attacked him; but I could restrain myself no longer. With a smothered cry I sprang forward, with clenched hands, for I was unarmed.

I was upon him before he saw me. With one hand I seized the pickaxe, and gripped his throat with the other, and hurled him to the earth. The lantern rolled upon the lid of the coffin, and its light fell upon the marble face of Carl Rutger, who had been almost dragged from his grave. The ghoul's face was brutish in every lineament, and it was with great efforts that I restrained myself from burying the pick in his brain.

As I forced him back, he gasped:

"Do not kill me! Spare my life, and I'll confess every thing. He paid me to kill Graham. He gave me five hundred dollars. Don't you choke me!"

Well might I choke the guilty, for whose damning crime the noble innocent slept the sleep of the dead. But I relaxed my hold just the least, and told him to confess all.

"Yes, he gave me five hundred to kill Graham—Wilfred Stafford. He knew that Rutger could be hung for it. He poisoned Graham against Rutger; he wants to marry Ada. I stole to Rutger's room and put my bloody knife in his pocket. Wilfred Stafford told me about the locket Rutger wore, and I

and said the Comanches were down on one of their rampages. Keep your eye skinned!"

This was an agreeable piece of information to give a man at such a time and with such a ride before him. Why the mischief hadn't the fellow told me of it earlier in the day?

However, there was no help for it, and off I went at a swinging lode that I knew would cover the distance by ten or eleven o'clock at the latest.

The air was deliciously fragrant and exhilarating, and under its influence, together with the regular, easy motion of my horse, I soon became lost in pleasant reveries, and entirely oblivious of all that might be transpiring around me.

How long I remained thus I do not know, but I do know that I was suddenly brought to full consciousness by a quick, terrified snort of my mustang, who, regardless of the severe Mexican bit, had stubbornly lowered his head and settled himself into a steady run.

One glance to my right, and slightly behind, revealed the cause of the animal's fright. By the dim light of the new moon I saw, some four or five hundred yards distant, the shadowy forms of men and horses, charging down upon me like a thunderbolt, and I knew them instantly, for what they were, namely, a Comanche war-party bent upon my capture.

The wind blowing strongly from the direction in which they came, had borne their scent to the nostrils of my mustang, and she, equally in dread of them as I was myself, had given me warning by her attempts at escape.

The moment they saw I had discovered them they set up their usual yell, and I could see their arms as they rose and fell while plying the cruel lash to the flanks of their horses.

I saw in a moment that my chance of escape was desperate indeed, but nevertheless, having always made it a rule never to give up while life remained, I too began to use whip and spur while getting my heavy six-shooters in readiness for instant use. For an hour, perhaps, I maintained the lead with which I had started, but at the expiration of that time, I found my mustang was laboring heavily, and saw that my pursuers were now swiftly closing the gap that lay between us.

I now drew one pistol from its holster, and turning slightly in the saddle, opened fire with as steady an aim as was possible under the circumstances.

I quickly emptied one weapon, and had turned to replace it and get out the other, when suddenly I saw a vivid, almost blinding flash of light burst forth, instantly followed by wild yells of astonishment and dismay from my pursuers.

Midway between myself and the war-party, which had suddenly halted, jerking their horses back upon their very haunches, I saw a tall column of flame and smoke and flying cinders, sweeping from north to south with speed of wind; roaring and crashing with the sound of a tornado as it cleaved its fiery path over the bosom of the prairie.

The swath cut by the flames through the tall, dry grass, was not more than twenty feet in width, though I observed that as it progressed it gradually widened, though not very rapidly.

As to the Comanches they were done for. Superstitious to a degree hardly to be realized, they must have at once attributed the whole thing to spiritual agency, and taking it as a warning, so I judged, that they should pursue no further, they turned tail and disappeared in the darkness, still uttering their yells and screeches of terror, and as far as I could see, never even looking back.

In the meanwhile the fire was receding rapidly, and knowing that there was no danger to be apprehended from it as long as the wind held steady, I once more put spurs to my pony, and made for home, much relieved, and well satisfied that my scalp was safe, though sorely puzzled as to what caused the singular spectacle I had beheld.

Some suggested that the vadding from my pistols must have fired the grass, but that could not have been, as I did not shoot in that direction. Whatever it was, I certainly owed my life to it.

It is a very trying thing to become famous through slow and patient merit. If you can't get your name up by inventing a complicated revolving fine-tooth comb; discovering a big snake; paying your debts; thrashing an editor; or hanging yourself, it would advise you to give it up and continue on blacking boots with renewed industry.

Loss not the North Star in looking at the Aurora Borealis. N. B. The proprietor of the above maxim has complied with all the requirements of the law. Any one using this maxim again will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

## THE NEWSBOY'S HARANGUE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Here's your morning papers here!  
Startling news from many ports.  
In advance of telegraph—  
News of many kinds and sorts.

Terrible battle there in Franco,  
Forty thousand soldiers killed,  
Half a dozen badly hurt,  
Both sides driven off the field.

And another battle worse,  
All go down at the first shot,  
From one side is heard "Mon Dieu,"  
From the other comes "Mein Gott!"

When they find no one is hurt,  
They get up and look around,  
Glad that 'twas not "earth to earth,"  
Since they only went to ground.

Railroad smash-up, neatly done,  
Thanks to ruling Providence,  
Engine all right; thirty souls  
Out of the course of human events.

Providence left the switch unturned,  
Human man said all was right,  
Jury said the passengers  
Were not to blame, which relieved them quite.

Preacher runs off with one of his flock,  
Discovers his mistake when they find him out,  
And he freely forgives himself.  
On account of his mind not being very stout.

Terrible murder in the West,  
One man takes the lives of four,  
Jury says he is insane,  
Turns him out to kill some more.

Fellow hits his feet so high,  
Running to get under his shadow,  
Surgeon had to take them down  
With the aid of an old ladder.

Terrible accident at the Falls,  
One man slipped and fell in love,  
Injured terribly for life—  
Former rival much better off.

Gentlemen, shell out your tin,  
Let these papers fly like kraits;  
If you don't find these latest news in,  
You'll find they are the latest news out.

## Beat Time's Notes.

It is hinted that the coming man drinks wine, at least the woman who waits for him says that cloves are his principal perfume.

A WEDDING-RING is very appropriate, and is symbolical of the marriage state, inasmuch as it has a circumference and nothing in it.

A WOMAN'S age is her own, but she does not own it.

The great consternation on Wall street, occasioned by the report that the world was coming to an end, was traced to Shamus O'Fisk, who took that means of converting some bonds into gold under the pretense that bonds would be lighter to carry on that memorable trip.

A PIN is a little thing but it loses its insignificance when you steal it, or when you sit down upon it.

A FARMER complains that when he takes his wheat to have it ground he finds a very large part of it is subject to mill-due.

I KNOW of nothing in this world more calculated to make us feel easier than a clear conscience and a clean shirt with just enough starch and all the buttons on.

A MAN who drinks nothing else but whisky runs no risk of ever being water-tight.

The old god of the ancients was a Jove-lal' old fellow.

WHEN I see a little thirteen year old boy, who is so poor that he hasn't a switch or a boot to his back, I sigh for that little future President, and think of the smoke that will eventually enshroud the Goddess of Liberty.

A MOUNTAIN is a wart on the face of Nature, and a volcano is a boil.

THE Bat is a mouse with leather wings, not altogether angelic, but very much in keeping with the balance of his corporeal frame. He seems to have been intended expressly to fly around in church at night to increase the minister's gestures, to give a ghostly effect to the sermon, and to knock out the lights. He is a regular brick, and should not be encouraged.

LAST night a fellow was reading a paper between me and the light; and because I asked him politely to punch a hole in the paper and let a little light through for me, I got in a scrape. He is in the hands of a competent physician.

THERE is nothing more durable or more endurable than gold.

THE man who wrote "I would not live away" has been taking a good deal of patent medicine lately.

THE man who wrote "I long to call thee mine," married her at last, but has given up poetry.

SOME time ago I purchased an alarm clock, as I was in the habit of getting up early enough for dinner, but rather late for breakfast. When I set the thing it would wake me up regularly for a while at seven o'clock, but it was of no earthly account because it couldn't get me out of bed; but ring it did, and for all that was out, too. It finally got to ringing at all hours. At night when I would forget the meanness of some people, and my lids would shut together like a steel-trap into a doze, and just as I would begin comfortably and deliciously to imagine myself falling down-stairs, that clock would go off like a mitrailleuse, and if it didn't scare me to death it would completely cure me of sleep for a week afterward.

One night just as I was writing a receipt for four hundred thousand dollars to the Rothschilds—in my dream I mean—that clock struck in and the money faded. Exasperated at the loss of so much of my fortune—I had only fifteen real cents left in the treasury—I jumped up, threw a bootjack at it, and knocked it to the floor; but that didn't stop it. I carried it to the garret, but it alarmed the neighbors there, and brought out the whole fire department. I took it to a cellar, but it went on like a note payable at convenience, and threatened to blow up the house. I waited for it to run down, but it wouldn't. I took an ax and smashed it into a thousand pieces, but that only divided the tune into a thousand parts. I gathered up the pieces and threw them over into my neighbor's yard, and that night he committed suicide.

BEAT TIME.



HUNG BY MISTAKE.

came after it to-night. That is all I have to confess."

He permitted me to bind him with a rope he had brought to drag the dead from the tomb, and I reburied poor Carl. Then I marched the murderer to Loganton, and saw the jail doors close upon him.

That same night I caused the arrest of Wilfred Stafford, and a month later their trial and condemnation took place. The brute was hung, and Stafford is serving a life term in the penitentiary. My work was done: I had proved Carl Rutger innocent, and kept my oath. But those twelve still living, miserable, prejudiced jurors. God pity them! I cry from the recesses of my forgiving soul.

Ten years have passed away, and I am happy once more—happy in the love of my wife, Ada, and dutiful children. But Carl—noble Carl Rutger peacefully slumbers—a hanged but innocent man.

## Camp-Fire Yarns.

## The Sword of Fire.

THERE was, a good many years ago, a circumstance happened to me that I have never been enabled to account for, nor have I ever seen any one who could give any thing like a reasonable solution of the singular occurrence.

It was the first year after opening up my Eeeto rancho, and as that was a good while ago, the neighborhood was in no way a stranger to repeated incursions of the Comanches and other tribes bordering on the new State.

Early one morning in the beginning of spring I mounted my mustang for the purpose of visiting a neighboring rancho, some fifteen or twenty miles distant, to purchase a lot of young cattle that I had heard were for sale.

In that country it requires an entire day to strike and conclude a bargain. There must be so many drinks taken, so many pipes smoked, and a certain quantity of provender devoured, or the chances are that you fall in your negotiations.

Hence it came about that it was nearly sundown before my host would even hear of my money being brought round, but he at last consented, and I mounted for my homeward ride.

"I say, D—" called out my friend as I started off, "old Ben was here yesterday

and said the Comanches were down on one of their rampages. Keep your eye skinned!"

This was an agreeable piece of information to give a man at such a time and with such a ride before him. Why the mischief hadn't the fellow told me of it earlier in the day?

However, there was no help for it, and off I went at a swinging lode that I knew would cover the distance by ten or eleven o'clock at the latest.

The air was deliciously fragrant and exhilarating, and under its influence, together with the regular, easy motion of my horse, I soon became lost in pleasant reveries, and entirely oblivious of all that might be transpiring around me.

How long I remained thus I do not know, but I do know that I was suddenly brought to full consciousness by a quick, terrified snort of my mustang, who, regardless of the severe Mexican bit, had stubbornly lowered his head and settled himself into a steady run.

One glance to my right, and slightly behind, revealed the cause of the animal's fright. By the dim light of the new moon I saw, some four or five hundred yards distant, the shadowy forms of men and horses, charging down upon me like a thunderbolt, and I knew them instantly, for what they were, namely, a Comanche war-party bent upon my capture.

The wind blowing strongly from the direction in which they came, had borne their scent to the nostrils of my mustang, and she, equally in dread of them as I was myself, had given me warning by her attempts at escape.

The moment they saw I had discovered them they set up their usual yell, and I could see their arms as they rose and fell while plying the cruel lash to the flanks of their horses.